THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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Presents!

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THE GUIDE POST

IN THE DEATH OF Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, the country loses one of its few really great statesmen. A sincere believer in the League of Nations, he ignored party politics and in February, 1919, courageously telegraphed to Woodrow Wilson, pledging full coöperation. Since that time, his zeal in promoting world peace and better international understanding never flagged. Because Senator Burton was a member of our advisory council, it is only fitting that we should pay our respects to his memory here.

NOWHERE did the repercussions of the Wall Street crash arouse louder echoes than in England. The American stock market not only attracted a considerable amount of British capital overseas, but the inflation of values was having a disagreeable effect on the London money market. The three representative editorials we print on the subject from the London *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Nation and Athenæum* not only reflect a certain sly satisfaction, but also contain several healthy doses of common sense.

Mikhail Feodorov, editor of *La Lutte pour la Russie*, gives a substantially accurate, if somewhat biased, account of the attempted kidnaping of Besedovski, the temporary Soviet representative in Paris. Since this incident occurred, the French and British papers have been full of Besedovski's attacks on the high-handed methods of the Bolshevists, in whose ranks he has served for more than ten years.

The prospect of an Anglo-American alliance which has been alarming all Europe stimulates *Le Temps* to suggest a counterbalancing union of Latin nations. Appearing, as it does, in the semi-official organ of the French Foreign Office, this article possesses more than passing interest and our readers can decide for themselves whether M. Guilaine is more in earnest when he abuses the Anglo-Saxon world in his opening paragraphs or when he assures his readers at the end that all he really wants is better international understanding.

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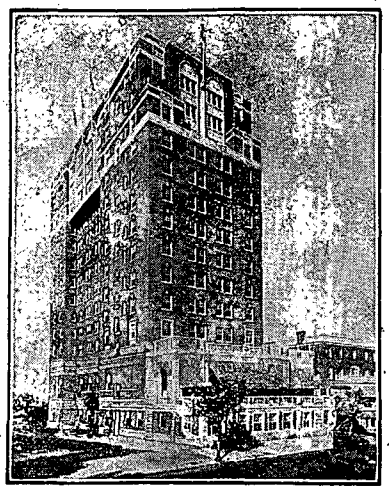

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THE FRONTISPIECE

The '#2' in the caption to our current frontispiece may puzzle some readers. It is the designation which the artist, Joseph Hecht, himself chose to distinguish this from other, rather similar landscapes. The engraving is, in its clarity of outline and formal simplicity, like much contemporary European art.

The four unpublished letters by Walter Rathenau not only constitute an interesting addition to our knowledge of recent German history, but are in themselves documents of extraordinary vigor and power. Their author, a powerful industrialist and a man of wide culture, was assassinated in 1922 while he held the post of foreign minister in the newly created German Republic.

The rivalry between Ford and General Motors extends far beyond the confines of these United States and M. Février gives a full explanation of the different policies these two giant organizations pursue. Ford apparently plans a frontal attack on the cheap car markets of Europe, while General Motors is going to carry on a more extensive and a more subtle warfare.

LEOPOLD WEISS continues his travels through central Arabia and in this issue describes one of the two chief cities in Nejd. Nobody now writing knows that part of the world more intimately than he and few people anywhere can express themselves more beautifully on any subject.

Walter Hasenclever's description of an imaginary conversation between Napoleon and Landru comes, via *Der Querschnitt*, from a newly published comedy of his called *Napoleon greift ein*. *Der Querschnitt*, it may be said, is the *Vanity Fair* of Berlin.

Pierre Mille enjoys a long established reputation as an essayist, critic, and wit. He is a prolific writer and on this occasion suggests that the present craze for realism in literature may culminate in a romantic movement similar to the one that broke out in France just one hundred years ago.

Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired.

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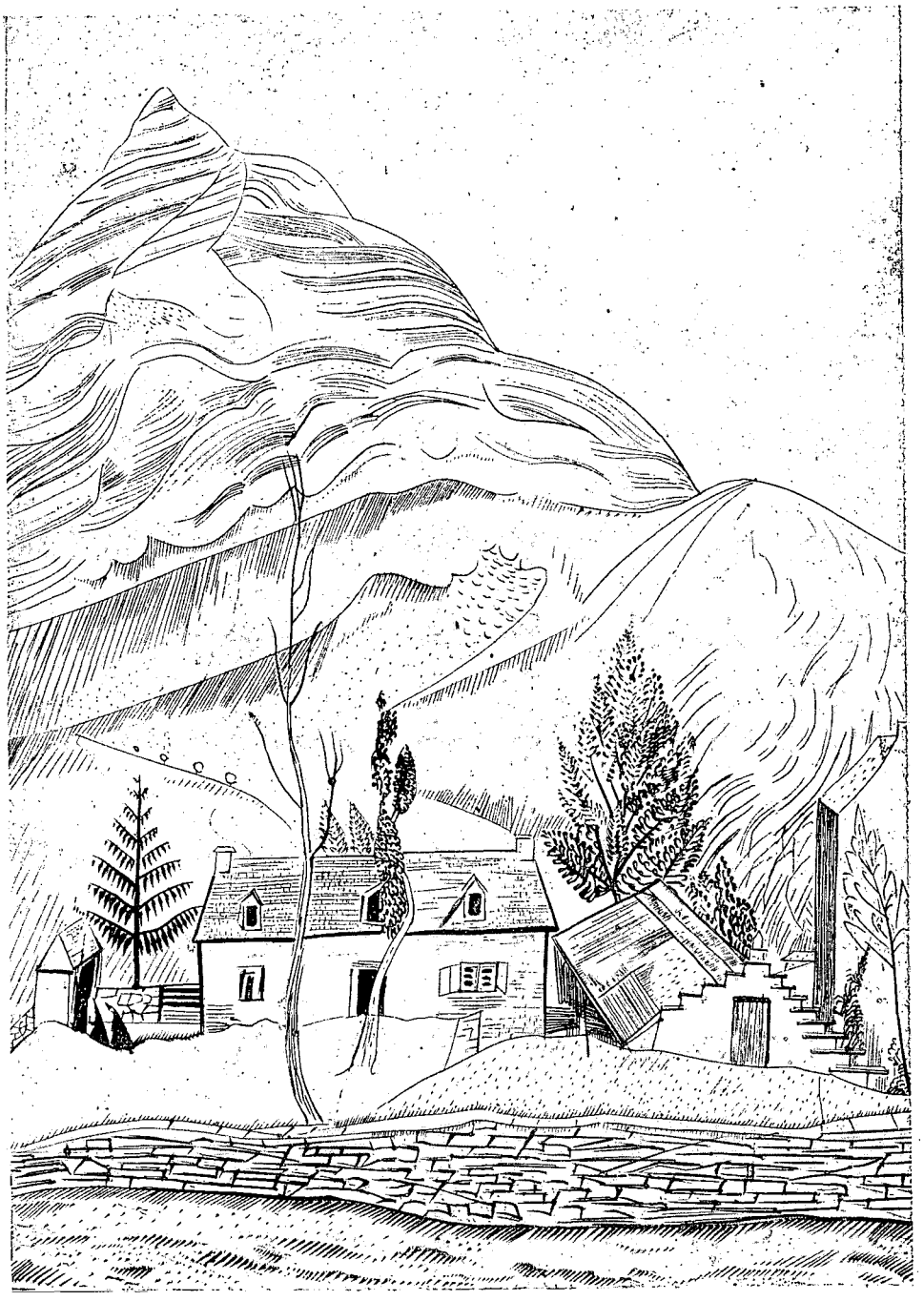

A Landscape in Switzerland #2

From a Copper Engraving by Joseph Hecht

(Courtesy of Kennedy & Company)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

DECEMBER 1, 1929 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4351

THE WORLD OVER

THE PRESENT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT will go a long way toward revealing the strength and capacities of the British Labor Party. Not only will the Conservative opposition be able to attack directly certain policies that were launched during the summer, but new problems—and, specifically, the problem of unemployment—must be faced. In the field of foreign affairs, Mr. MacDonald's achievements have already been recognized and appreciated; his proposals for domestic reforms, on the other hand, aroused widespread criticism even before they were fairly understood. Mr. J. H. Thomas's visit to Canada and his suggestion to exchange British coal and steel for Canadian wheat met with a distinctly skeptical reception and the Conservative *Morning Post* ran two special articles on the folly of a new widows' pension scheme calling for an annual expenditure of eight million pounds. Under the title, 'The Workhouse of the World,' the *Morning Post's* special investigator pointed out that Britain is now spending on the so-called 'social services' the equivalent of ten shillings a week for every worker in the country. The same authority also remarks that, since the Armistice, the State has subsidized the construction of more than a million dwelling houses which were financed in such a way that

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

House of Commons votes 324 to 199 to resume relations with Soviet Russia.

Organizing Committee of the World Bank makes possible a future connection between the Bank and the League.

Primo de Rivera announces that the National Consultative Assembly, supposed to be summoned in *October*, will be postponed until *January* and that a halt will be called in the present policy of returning to normal conditions.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Great Britain officially asks the League to terminate its mandate over Irak 'by 1932 at the latest.'

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Tardieu pledges a firm French policy abroad and promises tax reduction and new public works at home in his opening declaration to the Chamber of Deputies.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

André Tardieu's new Government wins a vote of confidence by a majority of 71 votes.

Organizing Committee of the Bank for International Settlements selects Switzerland as the situation for the proposed bank.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Ramsay MacDonald announces that the freedom of the seas question will not be discussed at Five-Power Naval Parley.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Three men are killed and twelve injured in a pre-election riot in Mexico City.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Dr. Julius Curtius is appointed to fill permanently the office of German Foreign Minister which he has held since the death of Stresemann.

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over 700,000 people are now living half rent-free at the expense of their fellow citizens.

But what disturbs the Conservatives a good deal more than these gloomy figures is their own lack of leadership. Many of their most promising younger men were defeated in the general election and Stanley Baldwin is not shaping up as a likely looking leader of the opposition. The Liberals, too, are in distress, partly because of Lloyd George's many instabilities and partly because their Parliamentary representation falls far below their real strength throughout the country. All of which leads the *New Statesman* to observe:—

> Broadly, the Labor Government just now possesses a quite extraordinarily strong moral position. The other two parties, for very different reasons, are temporarily demoralized. The Government enjoys at the moment greater prestige, both abroad and at home, than any British government has possessed during the past ten years. It has the ball at its feet. What will it do during the coming session? Its motto undoubtedly should be *De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.* If it has courage it will win. If it has not, it will peter out into nothing. The coming session will give us a clue to its real potentialities. A bold policy both at home and abroad will command the support of the Liberals and ensure a steady majority. A hesitating policy, a lack of courage, for example, in dealing with the Bolsheviks or the Swarajists will ensure defeat. The situation is extraordinarily interesting. We must await its outcome.

THE WALL STREET COLLAPSE, on which we offer more complete British comments elsewhere in this issue, resulted in an immediate drop in the Bank of England's bank rate from 6½% to 6%. This move was at once followed by a similar drop in the interest charges made by private institutions, which led the *Manchester Guardian* to draw a hopeful conclusion from the whole transaction. After pointing out that the private banks invariably charge a flat one per cent higher interest rate than the Bank of England, the *Guardian* goes on to say that the Bank of England's rate has lately been determined by the proportion between its gold reserve and its paper notes. When gold starts to leave the country and the reserve falls, the interest rate is raised to keep the proportion between gold and paper at a safe level. But, since nobody ever tries to exchange paper for gold, the Bank has come to realize that this proportion of gold to paper is not a sacred affair. By lowering its interest rate at a time when its gold reserve has already dwindled measurably, the Bank of England has made a decision which the *Guardian* characterizes as 'bold, original, and modern.'

LORD IRWIN, THE VICEROY OF INDIA, has written a single sentence which excited universal interest in the British press and which may mark the beginning of a new era in the history of the British

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President Hoover urges that merchant ships carrying food supplies in war time should be immune from interference by belligerent vessels.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Sir Ronald Lindsay, Permanent Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs and Chief of the Foreign Office, is named to succeed Sir Esme Howard as Ambassador to the United States.

Thomas Mann is awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Labor Government orders slowing down of all work on Singapore naval base.

Organizing Committee of the World Bank at Baden-Baden completes its labors and signs the statutes, charter, and trust deed.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14

House of Lords points out that the British Army is now below its 1895 level, with 140,000 men under arms in England and 60,000 in India.

Six hundred native dock workers in Durban, South Africa, are arrested for refusing to pay their poll taxes.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Philip Snowden officially informs the German Ambassador in London that Britain will not agree to the unconditional return of all German private property confiscated during the War.

Mme. Curie returns to France unnoticed in the popular clamor that greeted Pola Negri and Alice Terry, two movie stars from America who were on the same ship.

British Government recognizes Nadir Khan, former Minister of War under Amanullah, as King of Afghanistan.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Nineteen people are killed in election riots as Ortiz Rubio, candidate of the National Revolutionary Party, is elected President of Mexico by an overwhelming majority.

T. P. O'Connor, 'Father of the House of Commons,' dies at the age of eighty-one, having served in Parliament for forty-nine consecutive years.

Nikolai Bukharin, former editor of *Pravda*, is expelled from the Communist Party.

Great Britain concludes a trade agreement with the Argentine which cuts present duties on rayon and other artificial textiles 50%, thus attaining a decided advantage over similar American products.

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Empire. 'I am authorized,' he wrote, 'on behalf of his Majesty's Government to state clearly that in their judgment it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of dominion status.'

In a leading editorial headed 'Puzzled but Unshaken' the *Morning Post* attempts to show that the Crown is in no way pledged to grant the dominion status to which Lord Irwin refers in such elegantly guarded terms. This stanch Tory organ points out that the princes of the Indian States have 'robustly asserted their own status' and that they may not wish their principalities to be treated in the same way that British India, which comprises about two thirds of the country, is to be treated. The *Times*, on the other hand, quotes from Mr. Montagu, Lord Reading, Lord Birkenhead, and Stanley Baldwin, showing that all these men have hinted that dominion status should one day be granted. The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* refers to 'The New Prospect for India' and closes its leading editorial on that subject with these words, 'The control of a business which determines the fortunes of 300,000,000 souls has to be transferred. There is need of good will and patience on both sides to enable the transfer to be effected with safety.' The Laborite *New Statesman*, on the other hand, chides Mrs. Besant and suggests that the proposed general conference between the representatives of Great Britain, British India, and the Native States will show how matters really stand:—

> It is foolish of Mrs. Besant to have stated definitely in India that the present Secretary of State is in favor of giving India dominion status. We are all, of course, in favor, if and when it ever becomes possible. But at present there would appear to be no such possibility within sight. The unwillingness of Indian politicians to consent to the withdrawal of the British Army and the existence of great native states which will not recognize the authority of their partially democratized neighbors makes the very phrase, 'dominion status,' an absurdity at present. Perhaps the new conference will serve to drive this fact home even in Delhi and Calcutta and Bombay.

FRENCH GOVERNMENTS HAVE A WAY of falling over night, but even if M. Tardieu is no longer Premier of the Third Republic by the time this copy of the magazine has reached the hands of our readers, he is likely to be heard from soon again. Born in Paris in 1876, he chose to enter diplomacy rather than to pursue the scholarly career for which his advanced education had so well equipped him. After serving as attaché in the French embassy in Berlin from 1897 to 1899, he returned to Paris to become private secretary to Waldeck-Rousseau, who occupied the post of premier until 1902. From that year until 1914, Tardieu contributed regularly to *Le Temps* and at the same time taught modern history at the School of Political Science and at the War

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College. He was also attached to the Ministry of the Interior as general inspector of the administrative services and in April, 1914, the Versailles district elected him to the Chamber of Deputies.

During the War, Tardieu served first on Foch's General Staff and then on Joffre's, later being put in command of a battalion of chasseurs with whom he was wounded and gassed. In recognition of his exploits, the government bestowed upon him the rosette of the Legion of Honor and, when America entered the War, Clemenceau sent him to the United States as high commissioner to serve as liaison officer between the two countries. Though offered a Cabinet post in November, 1917, Tardieu preferred to stay where he was for another six months until his chief insisted that he return to Paris as commissariat general of Franco-American affairs. At the Peace Conference he played an active part as minister for the liberated regions.

In the swing to the Left that marked the elections of 1924, Tardieu lost his seat in the Chamber, but two years later was returned from another district and was presently given the portfolio of the Ministry of Public Works in Poincaré's coalition cabinet, a position which he likewise held under M. Briand. Of late his political allegiance has been shifting slightly toward the Left, a tendency that corresponds more closely to a general shift of French opinion than to any of M. Tardieu's personal convictions, for he is an astute politician who has not been Clemenceau's right-hand man for nothing. Many people call him an opportunist, but few can deny that he is the outstanding political figure in France to-day.

JUST AS AMERICA AND ENGLAND took the trouble to reach a working agreement in regard to naval parity before the opening of the Five-Power Conference, France and Italy are now engaged in a similar unofficial attempt to iron out some of their differences. In the Washington Conference of 1921, France granted Italy theoretical equality at sea, but the prospective growth of a German fleet in the North Atlantic and the new maritime activities of Spain have led the French to demand equality with Italy in the Mediterranean plus equality with Germany in the Atlantic. This point of view, which seems reasonable enough on the face of it, is not, however, entirely fair to the Italians, who would suffer far more than the French from the results of a war-time blockade—indeed, Italy's dependence on open sea routes is almost as complete as England's. France could, of course, be made uncomfortable by an Italian blockade of the Mediterranean, but she would only be shut off from her African sources of men and supplies. At the present moment, the best that can be hoped for is a kind of gentlemen's agreement whereby Italy would be conceded a theoretical equality that she

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would never, in actual practice, attain. The French, however, may not feel that Mussolini's warlike word is a sufficient guarantee.

Another sidelight on the relations between the two countries is provided by the Italian press comments that followed the attempted assassination of Crown Prince Humbert in Brussels. Because the would-be murderer had lived in France, after leaving his native Italian soil, the *Giornale d'Italia* said that France could not evade the responsibility for attempts against friendly powers that were plotted within her frontiers, and *Lavoro Fascista* demanded that the French Government at once announce whether or not it intended to be a friend of Italy's. *Le Temps*, speaking for the Quai d'Orsay, has this to say in reply:—

> Every time that an Italian commits an act hostile to the established régime of his country, the Fascist press tries to pin the blame on France. We have even been treated to these polemics when Italians have been attacked by other Italians on Italian soil and the police were unable to catch the suspects. The more extreme organs of Fascism run the risk of inflaming public opinion and of dangerously exciting the masses and they do not hesitate to imperil Franco-Italian relations in their zeal to solve what they call the problem of Italian *émigrés* in France.

THE RELATIVE MERITS of heavier- and lighter-than-air machines are again being discussed as a result of the recent flights of Claude Dornier's flying boat, the *Do.X*. By carrying 169 people, ten of them members of the crew, this new ship surpasses the passenger capacity of the *Graf Zeppelin* and of the two new British dirigibles. The Swiss papers take a particular pride in this achievement, since the *Do.X* was constructed in Switzerland, and the *Journal de Genève* makes the following announcement of the uses to which the flying boat will be put in the future:—

> The more or less acknowledged purpose of the *Do.X* is to make possible a moderate amount of travel over moderate distances. It seems that the ship is capable of taking seventy-five persons across the South Atlantic to the coast of Brazil via the Cape Verde Islands. The French company which runs a regular service between Europe and the Argentine substitutes a steamboat for an airplane at Dakar. The German airplane promises to do better things, but, before attempting the long hop, it will make more modest experiments on the Baltic. The Luft Hansa, always alert to practical affairs, is naturally interested in the new ship.

THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTIONS in Czechoslovakia indicate a distinct success for the parties of the Left, with the exception of the Communists, whose 41 seats in the last parliament have now been reduced to 30. The Catholic Populist Party and the Slovak Populist

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Party have also dropped from a combined total of 54 seats to a combined total of 44. The two Socialist parties, however, now occupy 71 seats instead of 57, and the bourgeois coalition of Liberals and Agrarians which has been governing the country has gained three seats. The German Loyalist Party, two of whose members occupied Cabinet positions, retains its same 29 seats. As a result of these changes the Socialists, of whom Dr. Benes is one, are certain to play a more conspicuous part in the next government, though no drastic changes in the country's foreign policy need be expected. Even the reactionary French press, which advocates, day in and day out, a closer coöperation between France and her Central European allies, seems to be well pleased.

FOREIGN MINISTER ZALESKI of Poland has been making two tactful visits—one to Bucharest, the other to the Hungarian capital. Naturally enough, the Rumanians gave him a warm welcome, for, although Poland insists on remaining outside the Little Entente, it joins the other secession States in opposing any changes in the peace treaties. Hungary, of course, takes a different view, and, although Budapest was glad to be reassured that Poland did not contemplate joining an alliance whose chief purpose is to thwart Hungarian ambitions, a Polish patriot is not the most welcome of all guests. Nor did Zaleski negotiate with the Hungarians any such inclusive defensive alliance as he and Mironesco, the Rumanian foreign minister, signed. The domestic affairs of Rumania are in a less happy condition. The sudden death of one of the three members of the Regency Council—his name was Buzdugan—caused a certain amount of flurry, for his successor, Saratseanu, is not widely known, and in picking such a comparatively obscure man for so important a post, Dr. Maniu, the premier, may have caused a split in the ranks of his National Peasant Party.

PRIMO DE RIVERA seems to have made a mistake in bringing to trial Señor Sànchez Guerra, a former Prime Minister who was elected to the National Assembly by the Madrid Lawyers' College, after having been held in jail since last March because of his connections with a group of generals who had pledged themselves to revolt against the dictatorship. The trial, which ended in the acquittal of Guerra, brought to light a series of damaging facts. It was shown that a wide military movement against the dictatorship had existed; that many of the Government witnesses were guilty of perjury; that the whole working population of Valencia was ready to rise in revolt and fight in the streets; and, finally, that the leaders of the uprising had only refrained from carrying out their plans because they feared that they might bring an end to the

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dynasty of Alfonso as well as to the dictatorship of Primo. It is also reported that both Primo and the King wanted to grant Guerra an amnesty, but that his election to the National Assembly so enraged the dictator that the trial was held anyway.

DR. JULIUS CURTIUS, who succeeds Dr. Stresemann as German Foreign Minister, bears many resemblances to his predecessor in office. He is a member of the same political party that Stresemann used to lead, he holds a Ph.D. degree, he is an expert on economics and on law. As Stresemann's right-hand man at the Hague Conference, he became familiar with the technique of the new diplomacy Germany has been pursuing since 1923, but his experience in domestic politics is more limited.

Born in 1877, Curtius studied at Kiel, Stuttgart, and Bonn. He practised law in Hamburg from 1905 to 1911, when he settled in Heidelberg to pursue scientific studies. He served all through the War as an artillery officer, and when peace came he returned to his books. In 1920 he was elected to the Reichstag and in 1924 he helped to frame the Dawes Plan. He joined the second cabinet of Chancellor Luther as Minister of National Economy in 1926, and retained this position through several successive cabinets until he was called upon to fill Stresemann's shoes. The left-wing papers of Berlin, representing a vast majority of the country, approve of his new appointment, as does the British press. The French, however, are more wary, and these words written by Pertinax in the *Echo de Paris* may be taken as representative:—

'Herr Stresemann was admirably skilled in directing the affairs of his country. He posed successfully as the great European. As a man he was certainly worthy of respect, but that he was ever anything but a German patriot doing his best to serve his nation, well informed people will never question. It is doubtful whether Herr Curtius will be so well able to play the part of the tired old man. More distinguished in features and in manner than the deceased foreign minister, he has, at any rate, not borrowed Stresemann's superb international mask. Or, at least, it does not fit him so well.'

It might be added that Curtius represented Stresemann's own choice as his successor.

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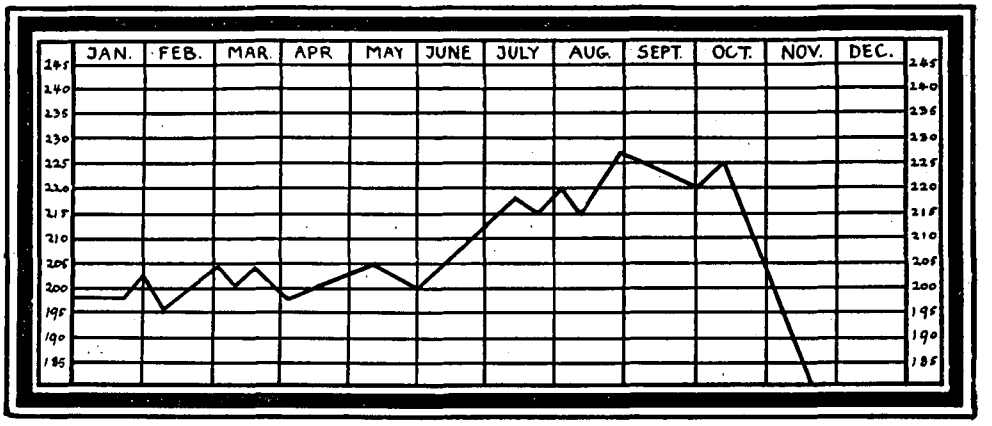

THE WALL STREET CRASH

A British Symposium

Three Leading Editorials

I. The Great Gamble

From *The Times*, London Conservative Daily

AMERICA has entered upon the last phase of the most remarkable speculative movement of modern times. Beginning about six years ago, it has dwarfed all others, not only in duration but also in volume and scope. More important still, its reactions have been world-wide. The War sowed the seed of a new era of American prosperity and speculation. When it began she was a debtor nation; when it finished she was a creditor. Alone among the belligerents the United States was able to remain on the gold standard while every other country was forced off it. In fact, she contrived to accumulate about one-half of the world's monetary stock of gold. Thus, besides being spared those painful economic adjustments which European nations had to suffer in order to restore stability to their currencies, and to revive their trades and industries, America, with ample monetary resources at home and with economic disorganization in every other industrial country, was able after a very short interval to embark upon a peace programme of prosperity in particularly favorable circumstances. She was able to take full advantage of these influences because of her ready adaptability and her initiative and skill in mechanization—qualities which helped to raise her to the front rank among industrial nations. Within the security of her tariff walls she developed her home and external markets with great success; and so marked was the progress she made that a wave of optimism spread throughout the country. Year by year the

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profits of trade and industry increased, until they reached unprecedented figures.

This was the origin of the vast speculative movement on the New York Stock Exchange which has just come to an end. In the main, the speculation rested upon a sound basis. When, a year or two ago, the purchasing power of the public began at last to flag, a fresh impetus was given to it by the introduction of schemes for selling all kinds of goods on the installment system, and, when the Stock Exchange 'boom' began to wane, innumerable investment trusts were formed to support the market. Like all speculative movements, it was carried too far, and with the first signs of a lessening of business activity the stock markets were submerged in a flood of selling orders. As was to be expected, the decrease in trade has chiefly affected the luxury industries. In the early part of last year thoughtful people began to feel that the speculative movement was going too far and traveling too fast; and the Federal Reserve Bank Board were persuaded that something should be done to check it. But by this time the gambling spirit had seized all classes of the population, and the Board, which in composition is more political than technical, were disinclined to provoke public hostility by taking any really effective steps. They contented themselves with issuing warnings of the dangers of speculation. But with five years of experience to encourage them, and with well-authenticated stories of enormous paper fortunes won on the Stock Exchange, the gambling public paid no heed to warnings, and proceeded to hoist prices still higher. Last year the market capitalization of one motor-car company alone exceeded by a big margin the total pre-War National Debt of Great Britain. So large, however, were the profits of the enterprise that even at this inflated figure the return to the stockholders was not unsatisfactory. At the beginning of last month, as a result of the amazing growth of industrial profits, the average price of 30 leading industrial securities had risen from 100 (in 1923) to about 381. That, however, proved the high-water mark of the movement, for in that month reports began to multiply that a reaction in trade and industry was impending. Last week the 'bulls' completely lost their nerve, and very heavy liquidation brought about a rapid fall, the index number declining to about 272. Fitful rallies will doubtless occur, but the end of the downward movement is not yet evident, for the prices of many stocks are still unduly inflated.

From the world as well as from the American point of view, the check to speculation is to be welcomed. The great Wall Street gamble has affected the world adversely in a number of ways; the fever infected European bourses, including our own Stock Exchange, but, as the basis of the speculation in Europe was much less sound, the movement did not go so far or last so long. It did much damage, however, for the speculative mania diverted capital from urgent and serious purposes. For the

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past two years America has ceased to lend money to countries which badly needed it, and has thereby added to the burdens of London. Worse still, she not merely ceased to lend, but borrowed extensively; New York became the Mecca of the speculator, foreign capitalists being induced either to join in the speculative 'boom' themselves, or to lend their money to American speculators, who offered high rates. American speculation is largely, if not entirely, responsible for the six-and-a-half per cent bank rate in this country, and for the general monetary stringency throughout the world. It is responsible also for a grave crisis in the foreign exchanges, which at one time seemed to threaten the very existence of the gold standard. The reaction has not come a minute too soon; and the world should now be able to look forward to a gradual return to normal finance. Foreign money is returning from America. Our New York correspondent reports that the money market there is already becoming easier, and that the Reserve System will probably do everything possible to make money easy in order to facilitate foreign purchases of American food stuffs and cotton, and to stimulate domestic trade. With the cheapening of money in America money will gradually become cheaper elsewhere, and pave the way for a reduction of the bank rate in this country.

II. The Bubble Pricked

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

WE HAVE known many financial crises in this country, but never a pure gambling crisis of the magnitude witnessed in the past few days in America. There is nothing the matter with American trade; there has been no setback in industrial prosperity; nothing has happened to cause the collapse except the pricking of a bubble. The bubble was the belief, widely acted upon if not consciously realized, that it is possible to buy a security for a certain sum of money, to sell it again later at a higher price, and to continue the process indefinitely. The astonishing thing was that the process had been going on in America for several years almost without interruption. This was partly due to the fact that American industry progressed steadily and that its increasing profits did justify increasing security values. But this basis of good reason served mainly to stimulate the public expectation of quick capital appreciation. It is very easy to secure by capital appreciation in a month a return greater than a full year's dividend. And as this was what many people actually succeeded in doing, month by month and even year by year, it is perhaps not surprising that some of them almost came to believe that they could go on doing it forever. And the greater the number of people who were persuaded to act upon this belief the truer it seemed to be. Until at last a large part of the American nation seems to have gone security mad and to have thought of little else but how to raise money to

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put into some Stock Exchange security. To what extent the purchases were financed on credit it is impossible to say, but clearly the amount of borrowing, direct and indirect, was so considerable as to cause grave concern to the authorities of the Federal Reserve Banking System. They resorted to the traditional method of curbing Stock Exchange speculation by a restriction of credit, but with little or no effect, owing, apparently, to the growth of the investment trust and the accumulation of resources outside the control of the Federal Reserve System.

So at last the dawn of a speculator's paradise seemed to have broken. And up to a few weeks ago there was nothing to indicate how soon the illusion was to be shattered. The process of disillusionment has been unusual. A purely financial and gambling crisis has in the past generally come to a head without warning, as, to take the latest comparable case in America, when the Knickerbocker Trust suddenly failed in 1907. But in this case there have been warnings. There have been partial collapses, from which a partial recovery has been made. That so top-heavy a structure did not collapse altogether under the first serious wave of misgiving is curious, and perhaps also to be explained by the support of the investment trusts, whose activities appear to account for most of the special characteristics of this particular example of financial crisis. But the end, if it is the end, has been normal—again, as in 1907, the house of Pierpont Morgan has stepped in and waved the magician's wand. There is, of course, no magic about it. Granted a sufficient delicacy of financial sense to know when the storm has nearly spent itself, it cannot be very difficult and it must be highly profitable for these giants of finance to come to the support of the market and, by the mere fact of their being known to have done so, to stop the rot. No doubt if Messrs. Morgan and their associate banks seriously misjudged the situation and stepped in too soon even they might be unable to stop the avalanche in mid-career. One presumes that it is part of the training of a big American financier not to make that kind of mistake.

In 1907 the British investor was quite badly hit by the sudden collapse of American security values. At that time there were large British investments, chiefly in American railways, and it was largely a railway collapse, whereas the present one chiefly affects industrial securities. The War cleared us out of most of our American investments, and we have not made a great many since. There is, it is true, a large market in Anglo-American securities,—that is, securities dealt in on the exchanges of both countries,—but this market has been established by the flow of American money into British securities rather than the other way about. This country, therefore, will not be much injured by the sudden disappearance of hundreds, or thousands, of millions of pounds which until yesterday existed on paper and in the imagination of those who owned the paper. In other ways this country will greatly gain. If there

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had been less Stock Exchange gambling in America it is likely enough that there would have been no rise in the British bank rate. The gamble, being specifically directed to the chance of a quick rise in capital values, exerted an immense pull on the flow of loanable funds. America herself was actually converted for the time being from a lending to a borrowing country. It was partly from us that she borrowed. We did not make the mistake of buying American securities, but we did lend considerable sums at very high rates of interest and at short notice. Most of these earnings, it is to be hoped, have been realized and brought home. The American speculator was willing to borrow (from us or anybody else) at over ten per cent per annum in order to buy securities which had been forced up to a height at which they could not yield him as much as two per cent per annum. That was a gamble which could only pay him if security values continued to rise rapidly and steadily. It was a gamble which may have appealed to an American, doped with the mass suggestion of unending prosperity, but which naturally had less attraction for the foreigner than the lending of money at high rates of interest wherewith to finance this orgy of speculation. But the lending of British money and the withdrawing of American balances from London did not help our foreign exchange position, and the relief which may now be expected from the drying up of the American speculative demand for money should be considerable. As a rule it takes years rather than months for security values to recover from such a shake-out as has occurred in the last few days. It is not a matter for confident prediction, since the American investor and speculator has already shown that he is a law to himself, but one may at least hope that the United States will now resume the rôle for which she is preëminently fitted, that of providing a supply of international capital available for the legitimate expansion of industry all over the world.

III. The American Collapse

From the *Nation and Athenæum*, London Liberal Weekly

THERE is a curious prudishness which makes many commentators on public affairs reluctant to pay due attention to such events as the break in the American stock markets. It is analogous to the old prudishness which in the name of 'the dignity of history' used to distort the perspective of our annals of the past. The topics which are regarded as suitable themes for leading articles form an exclusive circle, not so exclusive, it is true, as it used to be, but still fairly exclusive, and the fluctuations of stock markets have not yet won admission to it. Thus, while the collapse in Wall Street is a matter of such undoubted general interest as to have wrested pride of place from the reassembly of Parliament as the principal news item in the British press, and, while its prob-

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able reactions and repercussions on our own economic conditions are being eagerly discussed in intelligent circles, it has as yet received hardly any recognition in our graver commentaries on public affairs as a phenomenon of the first importance.

Yet this it undoubtedly is. The persistent buoyancy of the American stock markets, which has now come to so decisive and so drastic an end, has been one of the dominating facts in the international economic situation during the past three years. Its influence upon our economic life has been far-reaching and profound, operating in various ways, some of them direct and palpable, others psychological and intangible.

In the first place, it has entailed the maintenance over a long period of time of dear money in the United States. At a very early stage of the speculative movement the Federal Reserve Bank authorities made up their minds that it was undesirable, and tried to check it by raising rediscount rates. The wisdom of this action was extremely doubtful. In the light of subsequent developments it is fairly clear that stock prices were in no way excessive when the Federal Reserve Banks first took deterrent action; at any rate, they were no higher than they are now after the collapse, when all American authorities are busy assuring the public that they represent excellent investment bargains. In these circumstances the weapon of high rediscount rates failed to check the upward movement; and this palpable failure seriously impaired its efficacy later on. The Federal Reserve authorities cried 'wolf' too soon.

However that may be, dear money in the United States has been one of the main causes of dear money here. This is the most obvious way in which the Wall Street boom has reacted on British trade and industry; but it is by no means the only one. Under the conditions obtaining during the last few years, few American investors have had any use for fixed-interest securities, with their very limited possibilities of capital appreciation. It has accordingly been extremely difficult for foreign governments and municipalities in need of funds to raise loans on the New York market. The results have been twofold. To some extent there has been increased pressure on London for oversea loans; to some extent the foreign governments and municipalities have gone without. The first effect has been one of the factors behind the weakness of the sterling exchange, and consequently behind our 6½ per cent bank rate. The second has made for a diminished flow of international trade.

But that is not all. There were manifest signs this summer that many British investors had become infected with the notion that the way to make money was to buy American stocks. People who had been shaking their heads for months, and indeed for years, at the soaring Wall Street prices were suddenly converted to the view that as the boom had continued so long it might continue indefinitely, and proceeded accordingly to replace home by American investments. It is impossible to determine

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the scale of this movement, but we believe that it was far from negligible; and this, too, has contributed to the weakness of sterling and the dearness of credit.

All the reactions which we have so far considered of the prolonged Wall Street boom upon British trade have been of an unfavorable kind; and the consequences of the collapse ought to be correspondingly beneficial. We may look forward confidently to a prolonged spell of cheap money in New York. We may expect to see American investors turning a more favorable eye on fixed-interest securities, and resuming their post-War rôle of financing foreign governments. The danger of a flight from the pound, arising from a vogue for American investments, combined with vague apprehensions of the Labor Government at home, has probably been finally removed. These are all points of substantial reassurance for the prospects of British trade.

The collapse of the stock markets is certain to exercise an unfavorable influence on trade activity in the United States. It is true, of course, that the collapse is a collapse of paper values only, and leaves the real wealth and income of the country unaffected. But many persons have been ruined; and the great majority of investors (and the term includes a large proportion of the American people) will be conscious of having lost large sums of money. This will naturally give rise to a tendency to curtail personal expenditure, which is bound to react severely for some time on all luxury trades, among them the automobile industry, which plays such a dominating part in the industrial life of the United States.

Will this react prejudicially on British trade? To some extent it must. Certain of our industries will tend to suffer from diminished American consumption; others from keener American competition in world markets. A foreign trading country like Great Britain is bound to suffer some temporary hurt from an industrial depression in any quarter of the globe. All this is an additional reason for reducing the bank rate as quickly as is consistent with prudence.

But we do not expect that unfavorable reactions of this kind will prove very serious or very lasting. In the long run, indeed, it may well prove that our foreign trade will benefit, through subtle psychological repercussions, from this rough check to the economic progress of the United States. The imagination of the whole world has been dazzled of recent years by the phenomenon of American 'prosperity.' It is possible that the world may now discover that that prosperity was only partly a reality and partly an illusion created by the soaring prices of stocks. It may be revealed during the next few months that American industrial development is as lopsided and precarious, as liable to severe setbacks, as that of any country. And if, for such reasons, the remarkable economic prestige of the United States should wane, that of Great Britain would probably recover correspondingly.

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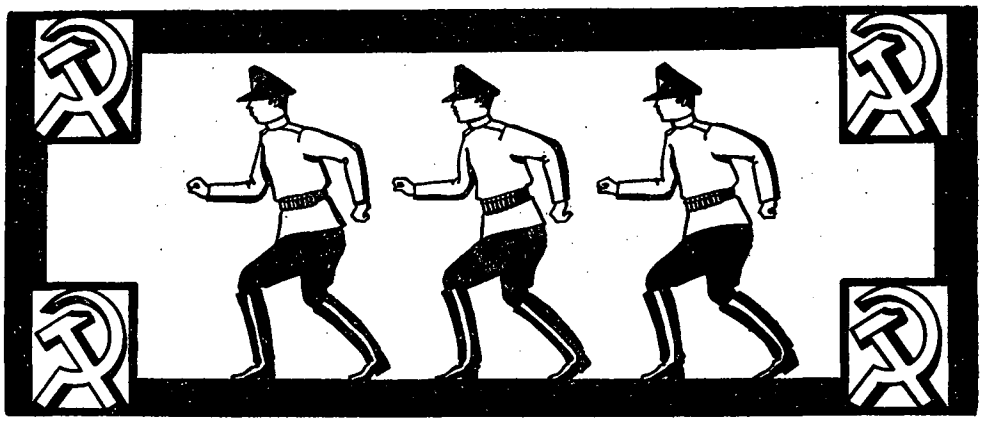

THE CHE-KA COMES TO PARIS

A True Story of Thwarted Bolshevik Justice

By Mikhail Feodorov

Translated from *La Lutte pour la Russie,* Paris Russian-Language, Anti-Bolshevist Weekly

Although the Russian *émigré* weekly in which this sensational story appeared clearly reveals its prejudice against the present régime in Moscow, the facts related below have been substantiated by authoritative French and British journals.

IN THE CONFINES OF THE Soviet Representation Headquarters at Paris, on the evening of October 2nd, there occurred an incident unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy, and it is our duty to set down its history in full detail for the benefit of the peoples of the U. S. S. R., from whom knowledge of it will be withheld by the Soviet Government, or to whom, at the most, an altogether garbled and distorted version will be presented.

The following is the substance of all that was learned from the Soviet vice representative, who played an important rôle in it and who later fled from the embassy, as well as from various officials and civilians.

On departing for London with the avowed purpose of negotiating with the British Government, Dovgalevski, the accredited Soviet representative at Paris, appointed Besedovski, his chief counselor, to fill the post of representative over the period of his absence. On the morning

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of October 2nd, there arrived from Moscow to inspect the embassy a Che-Ka member known as Rosenman who promptly summoned the temporary representative to that part of the embassy building which had been reserved for the inspector's own use. A stormy discussion ensued, ending in a final and arbitrary demand on the part of the visiting inspector that Besedovski forthwith return to Moscow and there render to the supreme authorities a comprehensive explanation of certain heresies. This Besedovski categorically refused to do, knowing only too well what would await him should he return to Moscow, and, for that matter, what might happen to him even in the precincts of the Paris headquarters.

LEAVING the presence of the inspector, he hastened to his own suite in the building, where he hurriedly consulted his wife, and, having decided against giving way, promptly went downstairs again with the intention of summoning a taxi and at once leaving the embassy building, together with his wife, his son, and their luggage. But, at the entrance of the building, Besedovski was halted by two doormen who asserted that the inspector had declared him under 'domestic arrest' and that their orders were to forbid his leaving under any circumstances. Disregarding their warning, Besedovski attempted to force an exit, whereupon one of the two guards produced a revolver, exclaiming, 'One step and I shoot! Back to your room immediately!'

Obviously there was no time to be lost. Besedovski turned away as though in compliance, but, instead of returning to his suite, he slipped down the length of the hall and let himself into the garden through a back door. With tremendous effort he clambered over a rough stone wall some six feet high and dropped into the neighboring garden. But that garden also was deserted and locked and the fugitive had to surmount a second wall. This he accomplished and fell exhausted on to the ground of the yard at 83 rue de Grenelle, his clothing torn and his fingers lacerated. It was now dark and the concierge of No. 83, observing a suspicious figure wandering about the grounds, lighted a lantern, issued into the yard, and discovered a strange man, dressed in soiled, tattered garments. According to the concierge, Besedovski thrust out his gory hands, screaming, 'Don't shoot! I beg of you, don't shoot!' and promptly treated the concierge to a most fantastic tale.

The two men then betook themselves to the police, to whom Besedovski gave a detailed account of the whole incident, beginning with the argument that arose between him and the Che-Ka agent and ending with his flight from the Soviet Embassy. He besought the police to do something to effect the rescue of his wife and son, who, he swore, were in the shadow of certain death. After hearing the story and checking the teller's papers, the police officer then reported the case to the

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prefecture, where it was decided that Besedovski, as vice representative, had the authority to waive the ambassadorial prerogative of inviolability. On the basis of this ruling, director of tribunal police M. Benoît accompanied Besedovski to the embassy and there demanded the immediate 'release' of the wife and child, which was effected only after a lengthy dispute. Thereupon, Mme. Besedovski, her husband, her son, and their luggage were removed from the Soviet headquarters under the surveillance of the French police.

BESEDOVSKI was immediately sought out by the representatives of the press and accounts soon appeared containing interviews, as well as the details of Besedovski's visit to the Foreign Ministry and to the editorial chambers of *Le Temps*—the ministry visit being also described in the department's own official organ.

Besedovski offered the following explanation to the French Foreign Ministry and its departmental news organ:—

'Some time ago, I drew the attention of my Government, through the medium of certain of my official reports, to the great danger that threatened it in the further pursuance of the existing Soviet policies, as applied to both domestic and foreign affairs. These policies are leading Russia and the Revolutionary cause to ultimate destruction and, thanks to them, Soviet Russia has been reduced to a condition so weak and low that even the Chinese have affronted her with impunity and treated her as no nation has ever before treated another.

'I explained to the Soviet Government that "agitation," as organized by the Third International on August 1st, was farcical and absurd to the highest degree, and that its promotion was merely resulting in the more complete "isolation" of Russia. I criticized the agrarian policy of the Government, which is driving the popular majority into the ranks of the opposition, for unless the Government pays the farmer full value for his grain, that grain cannot be requisitioned with impunity. Furthermore, the exploitation of the peasant is redoubled by reason of the fact that all the commodities of which he stands most in need are produced by the state-nationalized industries and marketed and distributed exclusively through the narrow channels of state monopolies—and, hence, are impossibly expensive. I especially criticized the method of electing the Soviets. The voters are forced to nominate certain candidates, yet it is only by the introduction of democratic principles that the Russian working classes can be won to an attitude of less indifference—I might say, of less enmity. In the absence of democracy, the country is rendered powerless to extricate itself from its existing critical condition. The exploitation of the peasant, voting under *force majeure*, and the dictatorial régime are sowing want and discontent throughout the towns and villages.

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'Rosenman, member of the Central Committee and of the Collegium of the G. P. U. [Bureau of Political Police, otherwise known as the Che-Ka], on arriving in Paris demanded that I retract my heresies and give myself over to a "party court" at Moscow [A party court is a collegium of three, five, or seven members of the Communist Party with special mandate for the trial of recalcitrant party members]. I am not one of those, however, who meet their end in the thick-walled cellars of the G. P. U., for I know that all Russia thinks as I think. In refusing to comply with the demands of Rosenman, despite his vested authority, I shattered my Soviet career, but my gesture is something gained for Russia.

'In order to save my wife and child, I turned to the French police for assistance, because I readily realized that they, as well as myself, would be threatened with an "unfortunate accident" if we remained for the space of a single night under the embassy roof subsequent to my quarrel with Rosenman.'

TO THE Russian-language publications Besedovski gave a few details of his conversation with Rosenman, who, on hearing the heresies of the vice representative relative to the practices of the Soviet Government, had immediately shouted, 'You are a Counterrevolutionary! You are a traitor! Away with you to the court at Moscow!' Besedovski, knowing the folly of tarrying in the embassy for even a moment, had sought safety in flight. But the embassy building, as he describes it, is a veritable trap. The door which originally opened into the gate-lodge has been plastered up. The main gates are always locked and barred. Only one door remains for all who come and go—a door giving entrance through the wing that at one time housed the consulate. To reach the embassy, one must cross the open court and pass through the gate-lodge where the two Che-Ka agent doormen were stationed.

Besedovski also related something of the history of Rosenman, 'a degenerate with the face of a Skopets' [The Skoptsi are a religious sect practising emasculation]; he told of the agent's intimacy with Kaganovich, through whose good offices he gained the favor of Molotov and Stalin. Besedovski asserts that the G. P. U. maintains a special squad whose members are stationed abroad in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, and other places for the execution of terroristic acts. As an example he cited the case of Yaroslavski, who was poisoned somewhere in Germany.

Finally, Besedovski bound himself to acquaint the foreign Russian press with a wealth of sensational material to be communicated to the Russian people over the heads of the Che-Ka censors and Stalinites. With reference to the fighting in Manchuria, he affirmed that no real war could be expected, that Bolshevik interests had already met with unalterable and utter defeat. He asserted that Soviet rule is a rule of

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shame and ruin for Russia. No manner of evolution can be hoped for from it. Such a régime should be fought with every available means, even with means as extreme as those the Bolsheviks themselves employ. Collapse is near. The entire edifice is unsound. One light blow and the end will come. The enlightenment of the people as to their plight grows apace and the Bolshevik party is in a state of rapid disintegration.

FOREIGN press representatives hastened to the embassy following the trouble, but they were merely met with steady denials of all knowledge pertaining to the entire proceedings. No such person as Rosenman could be found. The name, they were told, was unheard of and embassy officials maintained that they had no record of the arrival of any such inspector. Embassy counselor Arens was reported to be out, nor was it possible to learn when his return was expected.

To what can these absurd prevarications of the Soviet Government and its Paris representatives be attributed? They have been thrown into a state of extreme terror and confusion by the incident. Dispatches were wired from Moscow demanding the immediate return of Dovgalevski to Paris; Soviet headquarters in Paris received urgent orders to take immediate steps toward the total liquidation of the offensive business and the suppression of all news connected with it. The embassy's first move to liquidate the unpleasant incident was the extensive broadcasting of a *communiqué* to the effect that 'the late embassy counselor Grigori Besedovski had for some time been living beyond his means and had, as a result, committed grave embezzlements. . . . With a view to diverting attention from his crime, Besedovski invented a fiction concerning his arrest and that of his family at the embassy, and concerning an imaginary peril that threatened their lives.' This *communiqué* was ignored by the press of Europe and remained unpublished. Only in the Soviet papers did it appear in its entirety.

ON HIS return from London, Dovgalevski sought safety in unbroken silence. All press inquiries were met with evasive answers or the ever ready *communiqué*. Besedovski's reply to the latter has assumed the form of a suit against the authors of that document, charging defamation of character, and he is being represented by the blind Scapini, late chairman of the League of World War Veterans. Scapini entertains no doubt that the embassy counselor's death had been planned according to Rosenman's orders, and the fact is firmly established that a complete plot had been conceived to deliver Besedovski in Moscow, dead or alive, even before his meeting with Rosenman. Rosenman arrived in Paris at 3.00 P.M. Wednesday, October 2nd, and on the morning of that same day the two French doormen, who were ordinarily on duty at the embassy doors, were granted leave of absence until a late hour of the

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night, and this at the voluntary suggestion of Arens. They were relieved at their post by two employees of the Che-Ka—Zhilin and Shaikevich. All preparations were completed prior to the arrival of Rosenman at the rue de Grenelle, and all these operations were personally supervised by Arens, who, in turn, had received his instructions through Yankovich, the Paris agent of the G. P. U.

Meanwhile, the Soviet ambassador is protected from a court summons by his extraterritorial status, but the case will be called, nevertheless, with the *Tass* news agency, which circulated the libelous *communiqué*, in the rôle of defendant. Besedovski also related that on one occasion he called the embassy on the phone for the purpose of a peaceful conversation, but the terrified official in charge was too frightened to utter a syllable in answer.

This scandal, hitherto unprecedented in diplomatic history, has laid bare the realities of Soviet rule and won world-wide publicity. Thus, little by little, the putridity of the Soviet régime is being exposed. As a result, world opinion must presently recognize that it is impossible to render further false support in the form of Western-European recognition and credits to the Soviet Government, which the whole of the Russian people detests and with which they would deal most summarily were they free to act.

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A UNION OF LATIN NATIONS

Counterbalancing the Anglo-American Hegemony

By Louis Guilaine

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

IN THE LUMINOUS ARTICLE that he recently wrote for the *Nación* of Buenos Aires, in which he contemplated the possibilities and difficulties of M. Briand's projected United States of Europe, Raymond Poincaré wrote as follows: 'Intellectually and morally I feel myself much less near to certain European countries than I do to certain of the great Latin nations of South America. If we are going to attempt to form countries into groups I do not see why we should group together all the countries of the old world and eliminate all those of the new.'

These words evoke the idea of a Latin union, an idea quite as ancient as the idea of a European union, and one that was beginning to be realized in the eighteenth century, dynastically, it is true, in the family pact between the Bourbons of France, Spain, and Italy. The empire of Napoleon also attempted to bring about the reunion of these three countries, but since that time no Latin union has existed, largely because of our modern monetary considerations. Yet the idea still subsists in the aspirations that the various countries of the Latin world share in common and it is continually being expounded by a certain number of superior Latin minds.

One is therefore justified in asking, in the light of M. Poincaré's sentiments, which certainly express the feelings of the great majority of Latin peoples, if the grouping of the Latin nations of Europe would not, since the affinities of these Latin nations are so close, be the first and most certain element, as well as the most homogeneous and solid nucleus, of a crystallized European bloc. After that initial step had been taken and after a Franco-German accord had been reached, the Germanic and Scandinavian group would join, and finally the Slavic group, which is already closely attached to France through the Little Entente. Thus would a Latin union develop into a unified Europe.

THE Anglo-French Entente would seem to be another powerful element in unifying Europe, but the attitude of most organs of British opinion toward the projects of a European union indicate that

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the British Empire remains faithful to a policy of isolation and prefers to strengthen its ties with its dominions rather than join a united Europe. Furthermore, it seems that Great Britain feels less close to Europe than to the great republic of the United States of America, its former colony. This tendency has revealed itself openly in the unprecedented visit of the British Prime Minister to Washington, where he laid the foundations of an Anglo-American entente and particularly of a naval agreement between the two powers, who share between them supremacy over the seas and over the financial markets of the world. With the Dominion of Canada as liaison agent, the formidable grouping together of the two Anglo-Saxon worlds proceeds apace and this grouping, backed up by the Pan-American Union, which the United States established forty years ago over the twenty republics of Latin America, is going to dominate the entire New World more than ever before.

It is along these lines that British policy toward America is developing and we feel that historic destiny is at work. At this point, therefore, let us remember that the Hundred Years' War of five hundred years ago, which finally broke the Anglo-Norman combination at the critical moment when it was about to turn into an Anglo-French combination, 'booted' England out of France and virtually out of Europe. Ejected from the continent of Europe, where she has since been able to gain a foothold only on the rock of Gibraltar, England returned to complete insularity and recognized that her future lay upon the waters and would involve the conquest of distant lands. From that time onward, she has developed her naval power and assured herself of control of the seas and of the great commercial routes, building up in all parts of the world her incomparable colonial empire. From that time onward, her European policy has been entirely determined by her world policy. She has supported the idea, not of union, but of division, being inspired by the old Roman adage, 'Divide and conquer.'

This traditional seesaw policy has been pursued with unparalleled consistency from the time of Wolsey on, by Buckingham, Pitt, Chatham, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Lloyd George. It has been directed successively against any state on the continent of Europe whose power and ambitions have made it seem a dangerous rival or a menace to the maritime and commercial hegemony of Great Britain. It was this systematic seesaw policy that supported first one side and then the other in the struggles between Francis I and Charles V, that created coalitions to oppose Louis XIV and Napoleon, that formed an alliance with the Second French Empire to bar Russia from the road to Constantinople, thus keeping open the route to India, that allowed Prussia to become the German Empire, only to form the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale when Germany became a common peril. Of course, the Entente Cordiale still lives, but does it possess enough advantages to attract Great

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Britain toward a European union which would involve the complete reversal of her secular policy of isolation and division, especially now that British policy seems to be turning in the direction of an Anglo-American agreement?

What should be one's conclusions? That before Great Britain began turning toward the United States of America she had first weighed the European and American continents against each other? That the problem is becoming a question of races rather than of continents? That the unity of the Anglo-Saxon bloc of the British Empire and the United States of America may presently affirm itself aggressively and imperially in the face of the more numerous but impotent states of Europe and of South America, which have been drawn into the Anglo-Saxon orbit through the Pan-American Union?

THIS powerful two-headed colossus overshadowing the League of Nations, reserving to itself control of the seas through naval disarmament and naval parity, superimposes on the world its own Anglo-Saxon peace, which in turn implies world empire. It will be an imperial peace in no way resembling the kind of peace the League of Nations might offer, which would be a peace of equality, liberty, and security.

It therefore behooves us without delay to reëstablish equilibrium, to begin erecting within the framework of the Geneva pact a union of continental Europe and an intercontinental Latin union, two groups which together would form the only bloc capable of counterbalancing Anglo-Saxon power in the New World and the Old under the present organization of world peace and international economics.

This parallel and simultaneous programme makes itself so obviously necessary that, at the very moment when M. Briand laid before the delegates of the twenty-seven European countries the principle of a European union, an analogous impulse arose as if it were a logical consequence: the delegates of the Latin republics of South America promptly organized a concerted action, manifestly inspired by the European project, and in accord with it. Inspired by M. Guerrero, the delegate from San Salvador, who presided over the last Geneva assembly and who was one of the most ardent advocates of an independent Latin America at the Pan-American Congress in Havana in 1928, and also through the good offices of the Chilean, Venezuelan, and Uruguayan delegates, the first concerted movement worth mentioning of Latin-American republics who are represented at Geneva began to operate and started to work toward coördination and unity.

This development furthermore coincides happily with tendencies manifesting themselves in the Argentine Republic, where Spanish-American activity has been making itself felt in a press and university campaign for a Latin-American union and in a recent appeal from the

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Social Museum at Buenos Aires in favor of a customs union of the South American republics. It is interesting to remark that the movement that is taking place among the Spanish-American delegates at Geneva is also supported by one of the great republics not represented at the League of Nations, for it seems that Brazil, which withdrew from the League, would not remain indifferent to or apart from the Spanish-American activities that are now taking shape on either side of the Atlantic. In short, all these facts and tendencies reveal that the beginnings of Latin-American unity are being achieved and that they rest on a similar plan for European unity, which apparently can only come as a result of Latin unity.

THE Latin group, which is better prepared for unity than any other, and which owes its creative and constructive genius to a tradition direct from Rome, should provide the first and foremost foundations for that European association, which should be above all else social, economic, and intellectual, and which should respect the domestic political régimes of each member state. Through Hispano-Portuguese America the European union would be allied to the Pan-American Union, while the British Commonwealth would be attached to it through the close *rapprochement* which it is achieving with the United States. Thus, the golden chain of peace and the fortune of our civilization would be formed in equilibrium and in harmony, and, by coördinating the League of Nations, the Geneva Covenant, and the Kellogg Pact, this chain would extend to all peoples and civilizations and, indeed, to all humanity. Briand's United States of Europe, Poincaré's recent comments, the peaceful joint declaration of Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover at Washington, the shade of Stresemann, the Roman concept of Mussolini, the Pan-Hispanic awakening of Spain and its former American colonies all form part of this lovely dream. May it be our destiny, or at least the destiny of posterity, to realize it.

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FOUR UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Milestones in German History

By Walter Rathenau

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Liberal Daily

To Ambassador von Mutius:—

October 10, 1914.

DEAR FRIEND,—

Now that Antwerp has fallen I am inclined to believe this an opportune moment for the release of a soothing declaration about the future of Belgium. I should consider such an announcement a means of facilitating future peace negotiations, for, if one can judge by Wilson's expressed opinions and the whole previous history of the War as far as England is concerned, it looks as if the Belgian complication would prove to be the thorniest point in any coming international settlement.

I am unable to prevent my thoughts from turning constantly to the extreme difficulties inherent in the conclusion of a peace, difficulties which loom almost larger in my mind than those of the War itself. Hopes of acquisition have soared to immeasurable heights here. Any conceivable alteration of the map, any expenditure is held possible and nothing satisfies the yawning maw of irresponsible judgment. I feel that the only peace that will benefit us is a genuine peace which will provide new and secure foundations for our policies. Outwardly brilliant results

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lacking organic roots might create material for a conflict in comparison with which the Alsace-Lorraine question would seem insignificant. The lamentable jealousy and hatred of the world which are being given expression in this struggle cannot be confined by fetters of fear. These qualities must be internally subdued, and I should regard it as the greatest good fortune if we could succeed in establishing the sort of peace with France that would transform our present enemy into an ally. But, however that may be, it will hardly be possible to reconcile the exaggerated desires of our politicians with solid reality. For this reason I cannot help reverting to the hope that I should like, through your intervention, to bring once more this idea to the intimate attention of the Chancellor: that we should create, by means of a unified Central-European economic development, a domestic prize for the victor superior and preferable to all acquisitions abroad.

I do not know whether his Excellency Delbrück and Under Secretary of State Wahnschaffe are still at headquarters. I earnestly hope that they have been able to come to an understanding with the Chancellor, above all in regard to an Austrian programme. I am constantly in touch with Rechenberg, who is working on a series of special questions in this connection, and I believe that something useful will be produced. The Austrian programme will be supplemented by a Franco-Belgian one, and I should like again to direct consideration to the fact that economic union with one's neighbors implies future political union. I know that the time for negotiations with France is still very remote, but it is a matter of preparing, at long range, states of mind that will prove decisive when the moment for action comes.

With cordial greetings I am,

Yours,

W. RATHENAU.

To Privy Councilor G. von Schmoller, Berlin:—

December 5, 1917.

YOUR HONORED EXCELLENCY,—

Permit me to thank you sincerely for the interest you have shown in my letters.

Regarding the question of parliamentarianism, I am compelled to remark that, in my opinion, it demands as its working basis nothing more than a mature people. By this I mean a people which subordinates its immediate interests to its indirect interests and which has a sense of justice and fair dealing, at least in internal affairs.

At present we are still in the midst of a naïve, brutal, and dialectical struggle of conflicting interests, and we are not yet ripe for the parlia-

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mentary system. However, we can become ripe for it in no other way than by practising it; and, for my part, I prefer the mistakes and excesses that occur during the period of transition toward a new state of affairs to the refined and childish depravities of a superannuated régime.

The parliamentary system is indispensable to us as a school for individualism; not the dictatorial individualism that deliberates in commissions and that is inclined to suppressive measures, but creative, enterprising individualism, endowed with executive capacities. In this respect we are bankrupt; and if, in spite of this weakness, we emerge sound and whole from the War, it will be a better fate than we have deserved.

The people do penance for their leaders; that, in my opinion, is the meaning of the War. And this expiation is just, because the people have put up indifferently with whatever leadership appeared. The War seems to me to be a world revolution against the remnants of autocracy and feudalism in Central and Eastern Europe on the one hand, and against the commercial nationalism of British origin on the other. A revolution against Cæsar and imperialism . . .

With sincere respect to your Excellency I am,

Yours humbly,

RATHENAU.

To Dr. W. Cohnstaedt, Editor, Frankfurt-am-Main:—

January 30, 1922.

HONORED DOCTOR,—

I am very grateful for your friendly transmission of the romantic story.

Of course there is not a single true word in the thing; I consider any tendency to make the Rhineland over into a neutral state positively high treason. I suppose that the story, which is obviously intended to stir up trouble in the Rhineland, has arisen from the fact that now and then in reasonable French circles the opinion has been expressed that the occupation would become meaningless if a guarantee should ever be offered that was adequate, in the minds of the French, to ensure the literal execution of those paragraphs of the Treaty of Versailles which demand a purely military neutralization of the Rhineland, implying, it need not be added, no political separation whatever from Germany. Possibly allusions of this kind have also been made in the course of the Franco-British negotiations regarding a guarantee.

Personally I believe that the question of the occupation will be taken up by the British whenever the entire problem of reparations enters the final stage of negotiation and this will only come about when America

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decides to coöperate in the general European settlement of debts. The exact time for this to occur depends on the attitude of the American West, whose people neither know nor care to know anything about Europe. In view of this situation, far-reaching preliminary work will be needed for at least a year, in my estimation, provided the American government, as I hope, decides within a reasonable time to participate in the transaction.

I myself shall probably again withdraw after a certain time from affairs of state.

In sincere devotion,

RATHENAU.

Editorial note:—The following letter seems to demand a brief explanation. At the Genoa Conference (April–May, 1922) the Soviet Government was bidding for recognition by the thirty-five nations which had sent representatives at the summons of Lloyd George. Russia was in desperate need of foreign capital. Her delegates, however, refusing to make the concessions demanded by the other nations, declined to give assurance that back debts would be paid and that compensation would be provided for property confiscated when the Soviet Government came into power. The prospects that Russia would be able to obtain credit by a general agreement seemed slim. Apparently realizing this, her delegates set about effecting reconciliation with one nation at a time. Shortly after the opening of the conference, on Easter Sunday, 1922, Russia and Germany concluded a treaty of alliance at Rapallo. By the terms of this treaty Germany accorded Russia official recognition, restored the Russian Embassy in Berlin, and assured Russia of one source of credit. This action threw the conference into a state of confusion and anger. Rathenau was one of the negotiators of the treaty for Germany. His share in the proceedings later earned him the enmity of President Ebert.

To Herr von Raumer, Deputy and Member of the German Cabinet:—

May 5, 1922.

DEAR AND HONORED HERR VON RAUMER,—

Let me express my profound gratitude for your interesting letter. It confirms my belief that it was extremely valuable that you should have been conversant with all aspects of the present development, and causes me to wonder once more whether it will not perhaps still be necessary for you to come here again in case the conference drags on for a long period. Such an eventuality is certainly not impossible, although there is always an even chance of a sudden breakdown, just

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as there was while you were here. This probability has been given fresh strength to-day by the determination of the Russians to send Joffe to Moscow in order that they may defer their decision to the limit.

You must have read of our interview yesterday with Lloyd George, which is to be repeated after Barthou's return. We had only a partial conversation, because until the Frenchman returns the Britisher is able to express himself only in vague terms. However, it clearly appears from the interview that the conference and Paris still hold concealed dangers for us, dangers which symbolize our situation and which, I feel, are not sufficiently recognized in Germany. The *treuga dei*, which was harmless enough in respect to the British, is becoming charged with poison and dynamite under pressure of Barthou and the French. But the British need it and it is going to require a great deal of effort to avoid these dangers. Besides, there is the notorious menace that the whole reparations problem will emerge, a state of affairs that Lloyd George, opposed, of course, by the French, is trying by every possible means to bring about. You are aware that I hold the point of view that every passing year facilitates the solution of this problem and that it might better be broached in 1923 than in 1922.

The situation in Paris is much more serious, not so much because of Rapallo as because of the expiration of the ultimatum. Yesterday's note from the reparations commission on the subject of our Rapallo treaty with Russia was a portent of storm. It appears doubtful whether we shall be able to prevent a new note regarding reparations being written to us.

M.'s arrival has been shifted to the 23rd of May, which leaves a dangerously brief period for the negotiations to develop. And, in regard to the essential matter, the fundamental position on the reparations ultimatum, all parties are still at wide variance with one another. So we are on the verge of extraordinarily difficult and critical negotiations, and we should give thanks to our Creator if we emerge unscathed from this journey along the edge of the precipice.

The cumulative demands laid upon the Russians, since each of the Western Powers has tried to outbid the others in the matter of claims, are of such an extravagant nature that they can hardly be considered. If, however, these claims were to be reduced by only a slight percentage there would be great danger that Belgium, and France, which is closely identified with Belgium, would withdraw definitely from the bidding, thus leaving a sad cleavage over the Russian question. The one endurable aspect of the situation is that all the nations are availing themselves unceremoniously of our coöperation in order to deal with the Russians. And, in so far as our consciences permit, we hold ourselves ready to coöperate. Indeed, we said yesterday to Schanzer, 'You can see now what advantages Rapallo has for the Allied Powers.' He admitted this

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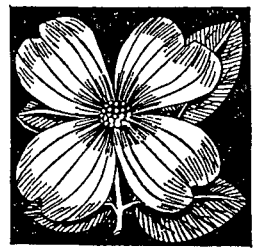
candidly, particularly with a view to the eventuality that our mediation should bring about a measure of success.

There is really no occasion for us to suffer from depression or to regard ourselves as helpless playthings of destiny. On the contrary, we shall try actively with all the tenacity of which we are capable to establish our interests. But it would be unjust and dangerous to refuse to recognize the difficulty of the situation in Germany itself, a situation which because of the coincidence of three factors is perhaps the most critical that we have encountered since 1918, and which makes untimely demands upon us. The three factors are: (1) the explosive character of the conference wherever Rapallo is concerned; (2) the attitude and conduct of the Poincaré régime; and (3) the simultaneous expiration of the reparations ultimatum and the volcanic tension in Paris. The fact that such discussions can and must still be carried on proves that a certain maturity of judgment has at last been reached, and a great newspaper has recently demanded that we should seek to obtain admission to the League of Nations as rapidly as possible.

I need not request you to treat the contents of this letter confidentially in so far as I am revealed as the writer. In so far as it contains objective conclusions and conceptions, I should consider it advisable to make use of it in the interests of the cause at hand.

With habitual devotion,

RATHENAU.



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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Three New Plays in Paris

THE TWO OUTSTANDING actor families in Paris—the Guitrys and the Pitoëffs—are responsible for three noteworthy autumn productions. M. Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, opened the new Théâtre Pigalle with a play embodying their own conception of the history of France, while the Pitoëff troupe gave O'Neill's *Hairy Ape* and a new piece by Maurice Rostand called *Le Dernier Tsar*.

As dramatic productions all three of these seem to leave much to be desired, but the least distinguished of the lot—Guitry's *Histoires de France*—is the most worth seeing because of the remarkable setting in which it appears. For the Théâtre Pigalle contains a great variety of technical and engineering novelties, including two stages which are so arranged that, by means of hydraulic elevators, two large and four small sets can be presented in succession without the scenery being moved. But, when all this equipment had been installed and decorations in the modern, angular manner provided, the question arose of what use the new theatre could be put to. The versatile M. Guitry was therefore summoned and commissioned to write a play with a lot of different scenes in it so that all the mechanical marvels of the new playhouse could be revealed. The *Histoires de France* is the result—a succession of thirteen scenes from French history in which Guitry and his wife appear as various renowned characters. But, as M. Louis Laloy of *L'Ère Nouvelle* remarks, 'There was one gift that the favored M. Guitry did not obtain from his jealous good fairy: he cannot escape from his own character.' The result was Guitry histrionics, not French history.

The Pitoëff version of *The Hairy Ape*—translated as *Le Singe Velu*—also proved a disappointment, but an interesting one. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* offers this criticism of the performance:—

> It is a bold venture, as both in subject-matter and in treatment Mr. O'Neill's play is as far removed as possible from the traditions of the French stage. A drama of ideas, if it is to interest a Paris audience, must be based upon a clear premise and be more logically carried to a satisfactory conclusion. The psychology of a stoker on board an Atlantic liner who, already puzzled by the apparent anomalies of modern life, loses his self-respect through a chance meeting with a social worker who faints from fear at the sight of his brutal strength, is not, from the French point of view, *du théâtre*. Mr. Eugene O'Neill's treatment of his theme, an equal mixture of realism and symbolism, seems altogether too amateurish to please the easy sophistication of a Paris audience. M. Pitoëff does not make the play more acceptable by the manner in which he plays the part of Yank. From the first scene in the stokehold to the final struggle between the man and the gorilla, M. Pitoëff insists upon the symbolic significance of Yank, the type whose whole equipment for life lies in brute strength and whom civilization has forced down to the lowest rung of the ladder, and never considers him as an individual human being whose psychological has not kept pace with his physical development. The result is a falsification of values which defeats

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the presumable end of author and producer alike. Speeches and dialogues which would sound convincing and which would by their very realism enhance the symbolic value of the play if they were spoken in the everyday language of stokers become no more than windy tirades and wordy arguments when an artificial and ranting manner is employed. Nobody could claim that within the conventions of that manner M. Pitoëff's performance is not a fine one, or pretend that the strength and beauty of Mr. O'Neill's play do not to a great extent survive, but the manner is unsuitable and much of its significance is lost.

Maurice Rostand's *Le Dernier Tsar* is a thoroughly French affair. The plot, which bears a certain resemblance to *The Swan*, by Molnár, depicts the decline and fall of Tsar Nicholas's unfortunate family. M. Rostand is not, however, a stickler for accuracy and he introduces a French tutor whose love affair with the Grand Duchess Olga forms the background of the play. It need hardly be said that Rasputin makes an appearance, but more surprising and uncalled for is an imaginary conversation between the Tsar and Sazonov. All members of the Royal family plead, in impeccable Alexandrines, for peace, but even the outburst of the French tutor fails to alter the course of history. The last act takes place in the prison at Ekaterinburg, where the faithful tutor, disguised as a Red, makes a futile attempt to rescue the Royal Family. What saves the production is the acting of Mme. Pitoëff as the Tsarevich. The rest is bad taste, bad history, and dull verse.

Book Week in Spain

THE WEEK OF THE BOOK, an annual festival held in Spain to encourage reading among the masses, has proved a dismal failure. Despite the fact that every cultural centre in the country paid formal tribute to the art of reading, and that professors lectured, poets composed odes, and officers of the army addressed their men, nobody listened. Evidently it was an old story and the Spanish public has grown tired of hearing it every year.

But the real celebration took place on the streets, where booksellers decorated their windows to look like literary altars. They set up circular stands on the sidewalks, knocked ten per cent off their prices, and, in consequence, some of them did as much as thirty times their normal amount of business. As usual, the classics sold well and there was also tremendous interest in translations, especially from the Russian, and in Remarque's war novel, for Spain is clearly becoming more interested in the rest of Europe.

This festival represents an attempt on the part of the Government to combat the suspicion with which the ignorant Spaniard regards the printed word. The women are generally blamed for this condition, as the uneducated Spanish mother, who dominates the home, is said to look on a book very much as women in certain other countries view a glass of whiskey. A criminal recently executed in Barcelona is said to have died exclaiming, 'Reading brought me here!' The majority of Spanish criminals, however, come from that part of the population which does not know how to read, and it is an open question whether this annual literary festival affects the classes who stand most in need of enlightenment.

After the Week was over, the books which had been displayed in the streets had to be returned to the counters and storerooms of the bookshops, whereupon a group of publishers and booksellers in Madrid petitioned the mayor to allow them to continue to display and sell books on the sidewalks and boulevards and in the parks, promising not to obstruct traffic. They pointed out that in crowded and rainy Paris books occupy as regular a place on the streets as flowers, perfumes, and fruit, and only heavy storms can force them back into the shops. As Madrid has a relatively dry climate with ample room in her avenues and parks for bookstalls, and as Spanish publishers are

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naturally interested in selling as many books as possible, they will probably have their way in this latest attempt to make the man on the street book-conscious.

Dr. Johnson on Copyright

A MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING Dr. Samuel Johnson's views on copyright, written in his own hand at the age of thirty, has lately come to light and been sold at auction in London. Here is what he had to say on the subject: 'Every single book so sold by the proprietor becomes the property of the buyer, who purchases with the book the right of making such use of it as he shall think most convenient, either for his own improvement or amusement, or the benefit or entertainment of mankind.'

There was a motive behind this characteristically unorthodox opinion. Dr. Johnson's friend and benefactor, Edward Cave, the founder and proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, had taken the liberty, in 1739, of printing an abridged version of a sermon by a Dr. Trapp 'On the Nature, Folly, Sin, and Danger of being righteous over much.' The outraged author brought the matter into court, whereupon Johnson addressed to Cave his views on copyright, of which the foregoing is a part. Apparently this sally in Cave's defense was unsuccessful, for legal restraint was brought to bear and no more of the sermons were published.

The same auction at which this item was sold also brought to light several other interesting and hitherto undiscovered relics of Dr. Johnson's period. The most valuable of these was a quatrain in Goldsmith's own hand, written in 1771 to be spoken before a play by Joseph Cradock entitled *Zobeide*, which had been adapted from Voltaire's *Les Scythes*. Produced in order to exploit the charms of a certain Mrs. Yates, the piece originally called for her husband, who played a comical part, to speak a prologue, but the management felt at the last moment that 'a comic prologue spoken by the husband would have ill-suited with the lofty dignity of the first tragic actress,' and Goldsmith therefore provided this malicious stanza instead:—

> Here ill-condition'd oranges abound;
> And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground;
> Th' inhabitants are cannibals, I fear;
> I hear a hissing—there are serpents here.

Still another newly revealed document gives an authentic list of the first twelve members of Dr. Johnson's famous club, who founded that institution in February, 1764, on Gerard Street. It was compiled by Bishop Percy and runs as follows:—

> 1, Dr. Sam Jonson. 2, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joshua Reynolds. 3, Mr. Burke. 4, Dr. Nugent. 5, Mr. Dyer. 6, Dr. Goldsmith. 7, Mr. Chamier. 8, Mr. Langton. 9, Mr. Beauclerc. 10, Mr. (now Sir) Robert Chambers. 11, Mr. Colman. 12, Myself (Rev. Mr. Percy).

The list given by Boswell does not mention Dyer, Colman, or the bishop as being among the first members, but, since Boswell himself was not elected until 1773, the bishop's list is presumably the correct one. It should be said in conclusion that the source of all this material is a collection of papers that had belonged to John Nichols, Dr. Johnson's printer.

What Price Barcelona?

THE BARCELONA EXPOSITION, with its elaborate pavilions and spectacular displays, has proved to be a double-edged sword in the hands of the sober citizens of that great Mediterranean seaport, which now faces a tremendous deficit. Business men are alarmed to find that they have huge bills for the exposition which they cannot collect, but these impatient creditors worry the treasury less than the prospect of the lean years to come, for it seems now that it will take about fifty years to pay up all the obligations that the exposition has incurred.

This atmosphere of gloom is deepened further by the fact that the exposition will probably run until June, as it started so late that new pavilions are still being

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built, while running expenses continue to mount, from hour to hour, like a war debt. Everyone now regrets the grandiose plans that led to such a financial muddle, and the city is envyingly comparing itself with Seville, whose more modest exhibition shows, nevertheless, more perfect taste. Some hope that more financial returns will be forthcoming still lingers, to be sure, but many residents feel that the national treasury should be called in to help, maintaining that all Spain has benefited by the influx of tourists and the general publicity.

Meanwhile, the affair has been a great success for everybody except the natives. Visitors arrive by the carload, not only from all parts of Spain, but from the rest of the world as well, and they wander through the park of Montjuich seeing the sights. But, generous as their praise may be, they are sparing in their expenditures, and, if it were not for the residents themselves, who go about their own streets spending as if they were at a county fair, the merchants would suffer grievously. As it is, this native business flurry creates a false prosperity that has left the city council wondering where they will find resources to pay for the show.

The End of the 'Edinburgh'

A GREAT BRITISH QUARTERLY brought its distinguished career to a close when the October issue of the *Edinburgh Review* came out with the announcement that it was suspending publication, after having appeared without a single break since 1802. Harold Cox, its last editor, accounts for the disappearance of the magazine as follows:—

> When the *Review* was first published, in 1802, Francis Jeffrey wrote to a friend that he was himself committed to four numbers only, and that he 'hardly expects the *Review* to have a much longer life.' Yet for nearly 128 years the *Review* has made its regular quarterly appearance.
>
> The *Review* was founded to conduct an active Whig policy, and to the end of its life it has continued to bear the blue and yellow party colors. But the political views that it was intended to support have ceased to play any leading part in the national life. The functions of a quarterly critical journal in 1929 are very different from those required nearly a century and a half ago. Circumstances and conditions have greatly altered. In the early years of the nineteenth century the *Edinburgh Review* and its rival, the *Quarterly*, held the field of criticism. To-day the monthly magazines, the extensive daily press, and the B.B.C. compete in offering highly trained criticism and specialized information in every branch of human knowledge to a wide public.

A long editorial in the London *Times* touched upon certain high points in the history of the *Edinburgh* and analyzed its time-honored policies, which found so little response in the modern world. Given over always to exhaustive book reviews written by men who were invariably cultivated, though not invariably experts, the *Edinburgh* said of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, 'This will never do,' and, although it also took a fling at Byron, the latter recognized that an unfavorable review from such a quarter was far better than none. Macaulay was long one of the mainstays of the magazine, Gladstone contributed while he was prime minister, and, during the long editorship of Henry Reeve, who knew everybody of importance, it was said that the *Edinburgh* was written by none but privy chancellors. The year 1818 saw the *Edinburgh's* circulation reach its highest point and the last hundred and ten years seem to have been, therefore, a losing battle all the way.

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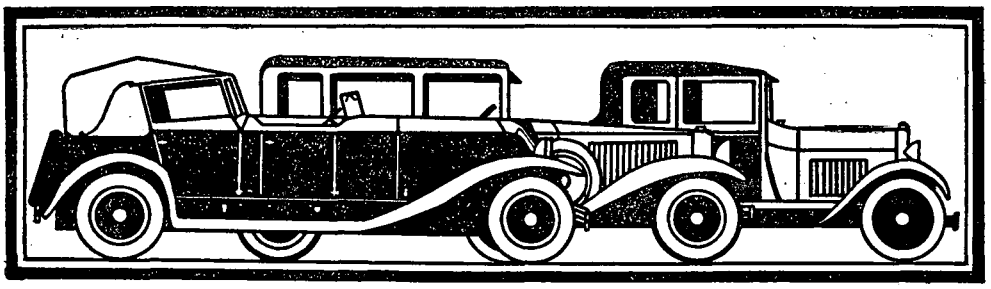

AMERICAN MOTOR CARS ABROAD

By J. G. Février

Translated from *La Revue des Vivants,* Paris Political Monthly

ON THE FIFTH OF LAST January, Mr. John N. Willys, President of the Willys-Overland Company, made a statement in the New York *Journal of Commerce* in which he asserted that American automobile production in 1929 would exceed all previous records and attain a total figure of five million passenger cars and trucks. As events turned out, Mr. Willys took an extremely moderate view. He foresaw an increase of only 13% over the previous year. He said there would be five million cars made in 1929 as against 4,400,000 in 1928—which was far too small a number. The *Journal of Commerce*, on the other hand, estimated that the total production planned by all the automobile factories would add up to a total of seven million automobiles, a figure that it mistakenly branded as farcical.

To appreciate the progress of American production during the opening months of 1929 we must depend solely on the brutal eloquence of statistics. In January, 1929, 400,715 motor cars and trucks were produced; in February, 475,373; in March, 584,733. At the rate of production that had been attained by March, a total output of 7,016,796 automobiles for the year was foreseen, so that the seven-million figure which the factories had promised did not seem so farcical after all. The factories were right. They were able to launch that number of machines on the market. The question was to find buyers.

The American market possesses the most incredible capacity for absorption. People have been saying for years that it was saturated, but facts have kept upsetting these pessimistic prophecies. The replacement of used cars—and everyone knows that the life of an automobile

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in the United States is rather short—alone provides an ample outlet for the output of the motor-car industry. Nevertheless, it does seem that, for the moment, consumption is having a hard time keeping up with production. Garage proprietors and agents are complaining of the flood of automobiles that keeps flowing in from the factories and that they cannot easily sell. It might be said that consumption increases with arithmetical progression and production with geometric progression.

THUS, the American automobile industry is forced to discover outside markets, and the export motor-car trade is playing a larger and larger rôle. During last March, the automobiles exported amounted to 10% of those produced, whereas 36% of the trucks produced were exported. And these figures do not include the spare parts that were also sent abroad.

The larger part of this export business is done with new countries where there is no native industry solidly established and vigorously protected. Canada, the Argentine, Brazil, and Australia are the chief clients of American automobile manufacturers, but even these markets are not sufficient. Having at least partially replaced their European rivals in the markets of South America and the Far East, the Americans are now carrying their war with constantly increasing vigor into Europe itself.

During the first three months of 1929, the total weight of American automobiles imported by France amounted to 4,189 tons, as against 2,211 tons during the same period in 1928. Germany took 2,904 automobiles from the United States during that period as against 2,204 during the same period the year before. To Great Britain the United States exported 3,349 automobiles and 4,647 trucks during three months in 1929, as against 2,866 automobiles and 1,598 trucks for three months in 1928.

But, considerable as these gains may be, we must have no illusions about them. The great export markets for the American automobile industry are outside of Europe. During the first two months of 1929, out of a total of 59,884 automobiles exported, Canada, Australia, and the Argentine took 18,825, about a third of the total export trade, and the same three countries received nearly two-fifths of all the trucks exported. In reality, the European market attracts American producers not so much for its own value, which is not negligible, as for the prestige it involves. To sell an automobile in Paris is a better advertisement than to sell one in Melbourne or Sydney. It is a guarantee of elegance and tone. Moreover, if European competition can be stifled at its source, absolute mastery of all other markets will follow, and, as long as the European industry remains alive, America can still fear that an offensive may be launched against her.

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But American export trade encounters serious obstacles in the European market, where the tariff wall forms an effective defense of home industries. Moreover, many countries have levied a tax based on the size of the cylinders and have likewise taxed gasoline enormously, for the American automobiles have big cylinders and burn a great deal of gasoline.

For a long time now American manufacturers have been trying to evade the tariff wall and make automobiles in Europe, so that they can fight their Old-World rivals on equal terms. The two biggest concerns in the United States and, indeed, in the whole world, Ford and General Motors, have adopted these tactics, continuing at the same time on foreign soil the war that they are carrying on against each other in the United States. But each has a different method. Ford builds big factories and assembling plants in European countries. He engages in an open struggle with the European industry. General Motors, on the other hand, seems to be trying to ally itself with certain industries that are already in existence and that seem to be particularly vigorous.

FORD has concentrated his efforts on Great Britain. On the eve of the War he had already built a large factory in Cork, but the separation of the tariffs of Great Britain and the Free State has compromised the future of his establishment and limited its market. Obviously, what seduced Ford was the possibility of being able to get his machines into Great Britain without paying an import tax. His factory in Cork, however, is now confined to making trucks, and he is building another factory for touring cars in Dagenham, in Great Britain itself, which should be finished in 1931. Situated on the banks of the Thames only twelve miles from London, it will be directly accessible to sea-going vessels.

This factory will possess, they say, a production capacity of 200,000 automobiles a year, but it must not be confused with another establishment, likewise belonging to Ford, that is situated in Manchester. The Manchester plant, which is already running full blast, attains an output of only 40,000 machines a year, made out of parts that have been imported from America. When the Dagenham factory is completed the Manchester one will specialize in making spare parts. It is estimated that the two factories together will give work to 15,000 employees.

But, even when these factories are both running, the assembling plants already installed in Europe will continue to function. The French plant, capitalized at a hundred million francs, will confine itself to France and her colonies. The Ford Motor Company of Germany has raised its capitalization from five to twelve million marks, and its present annual production of 20,000 automobiles a year ought to increase. This factory is destined to build automobiles for Austria and Czecho-

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slovakia, which up to now have been supplied by the plant at Trieste; and to Switzerland, which up to now has been supplied by Holland. The great German chemical trust, the I. G. Farbenindustrie A. G., is backing this plant financially, while Ford, for his part, is helping the I. G. sell its own products on the American market.

The Ford factory in Copenhagen takes care of the markets in Denmark, Norway, Greenland, Iceland, Poland, Danzig, and the Baltic States; the Trieste factory supplies Italy, Albania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. A factory is also going to be built in Constantinople to supply Turkey, Greece, Palestine, Syria, Persia, Afghanistan, and certain parts of Africa that up to now have been supplied from Alexandria. The Turkish Government has given this establishment special favors, and an annual production of 50,000 automobiles is contemplated.

From this brief outline it can readily be seen that Ford is building up a tight network of agents, assembling plants, and factories all over Europe. He has a total of eleven branch establishments, each of which serves a strictly limited district, so that there are no possible conflicts between them. Great Britain is the centre of this organization, and the choice was a good one because of the geographical situation of the country and because of its commercial policies generally. Thus Ford is engaged in a merciless, savage, but honest war against the entire automobile industry of Europe.

GENERAL MOTORS has taken an entirely different position. It does not own assembling plants in Europe, it exports its automobiles direct, completely assembled; but it also tries at the same time to interest itself in established European enterprises. Already General Motors has acquired Vauxhall Motors in England, a company of secondary importance. In Germany it has succeeded in negotiating a much more important deal and has acquired control of the Opel firm, to the great surprise and distress of the country. The Opel factory was perhaps the best equipped and most modern automobile factory in Germany. It made bicycles and motorcycles, but above all small automobiles. The Opel brothers had succeeded in bringing operating expenses down to a very low level, but they made a handsome profit amounting to a thousand marks on each car sold. Furthermore, the Opel brothers were known to be firm nationalists. In the courtyard of their factory hung a placard decorated with the monarchist colors of black, white, and red, warning salesmen that no one driving up in a foreign automobile would be received. Thanks to its technical excellence and its financial independence, the Opel firm was admirably protected against the assaults of General Motors. It resisted stubbornly, and before it gave way it made General Motors pay dear.

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A huge German consortium, supported by a big bank, was negotiating with the Opel factories to prevent the greatest German automobile company from falling into foreign hands, but these negotiations fell through, it seems, because General Motors offered more money. The precise wording of the agreement remains a secret. Two declarations, however, have been published, one by the German directors, the other by Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, but both statements remain silent on many points. Certain facts, however, do appear. Germans and Americans both recognize that General Motors has acquired a large block, probably a majority, of Opel stock. What price did it pay? Official statements published by the interested parties gave the figure of a hundred and twenty million marks, but we should bear in mind that this sum includes not only the purchase price of the Opel stock but also the capital General Motors is investing in the German enterprise to promote its further development.

The most striking aspect of the agreement is that the Opel factory at Rüsselsheim will continue making cars as in the past and will not build any American machines. These will continue to be sold through the Berlin branch office of General Motors. Mr. Sloan has made a highly interesting declaration to the effect that American automobiles, on account of the special way in which they are made, will only form a relatively small part of the future world output. The agreement with Opel permits him to expand his business, to reinforce his present position, and to add to the cars he is already selling certain other types that have already won a definite market.

THE expansion of the American automobile market in Europe has thus divided itself into three parts, Ford, General Motors, and the European producers. Ford's tactics possess a simplicity and a brutality of the most extreme nature. They simply amount to taking over the European market, but in order to do this he must scale the tariff wall, and for that reason build or assemble his machines in Europe itself. It is easy to see the deep and real danger that threatens the European industry as a result of such an attempt. If Ford carries his task through, European manufacturers run the risk of being ruined.

Of course, by building factories in Europe Ford will provide work for European workers. The money paid by English, French, and other foreign buyers will remain in their own countries, or at least will go to a neighboring country and not to the United States. On the other hand, remember that Ford builds only one kind of automobile, except for the Lincoln, whose sale is extremely limited. Therefore he can compete with only one type of European automobile, an important type, to be sure, but not the only type by any means. Very light machines, powerful machines of six or eight cylinders, and *de luxe* automobiles will always

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have their place in the European market. One might even ask whether the initiative Ford has taken will not, by lowering prices, increasing markets, and stimulating the native industry, in the long run bring us certain distinct advantages. But it is also true that if this attempt is crowned with success it will involve the immediate ruin of the most important part of the European automobile industry.

At first sight, the attempt made by General Motors seems infinitely less dangerous to the European automobile industry of the future. General Motors imports its automobiles and suffers in consequence from a heavy handicap in the form of import taxes, from which our local manufacturers benefit. Moreover, it is trying to reach an agreement with them rather than trying to compete mercilessly. But let us reflect a minute. The very fact that it imports its cars and does not build them in Europe means that it is tending to draw into the New World all the money that Europe is willing to pay for automobiles. The progress of General Motors can do nothing but increase the unequal balance of trade between Europe and the United States. In the second place, General Motors, which produces every kind of automobile from the luxurious Cadillac down to the inexpensive Chevrolet, can offer the European industry a form of competition more extensive than that of Ford, if not more severe. And what will increase this competition still further is the manifest tendency of General Motors to annex those European enterprises that are particularly well adapted to a particular market. It will thus increase still further its all-embracing scope, as it has in Germany by acquiring the Opel company.

To sum up, the expansion of Ford and the expansion of General Motors present opposing characteristics and contain two very different forms of danger for the European industry. Above all, this simultaneous offensive is going to make Europe suffer grievously, for the European factories that do not need to fear the competition of Ford will be encountering the competition of General Motors.

May we be permitted also to say that the policy pursued by the European producers has indirectly favored the American attack? They have directed their attention chiefly to the technical and financial aspects of their enterprises, to making good machines and assuring themselves of limited but reliable markets. They have not built their plans on some hypothetical future, but have always kept their business affairs in a state of perfect liquidation. Deceived by a momentary state of prosperity they have perhaps neglected to lower their prices and thus enlarge their markets and their power.

If automobile manufacturers in the Old World cannot unite and rationalize their production, if they cannot devise some intelligent division of types of automobiles and markets to serve, they run the risk of being swallowed up in the very near future.

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THROUGH CENTRAL ARABIA

In the Kingdom of Nejd

By Leopold Weiss

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung,* Zürich German-Language Daily

IT IS THE FOURTH DAY after our departure from Hail and we are heading southeast across a softly undulating, hilly stretch of country. The ground is covered with brittle bits of black basalt, whose darkness breaks the yellow monotony of the sand. A fresh wind blowing across the desert makes it seem like early morning, although day is already well advanced. As noon approaches, the basalt gradually begins giving way to the sand, which continually blows upon us in ever thicker, ever heavier clouds while the wind whistles in our ears and our camels make their way across the sandy, flat basin of El-Kahafah. Before us lies a little settlement planted with palm trees, consisting of several separate little estates and plantations, every one with a wall around it and all of them shrouded in a whirling mist of sand. This settlement is a veritable chamber of the winds. Every day from early morning to evening the wind whistles through here, quieting down at night but always reviving again the next morning. As a result, the palm trees in this village are permanently bent over. They are unable to grow upright but stretch their broad branches low over the ground.

In the midst of this sandy confusion we leave our camels before the emir's house and enter to take our noontide rest. Ridges of sand arise everywhere in towering, ever growing walls that shut off the various little plantations from each other. In truth, this sand would have buried the whole village long ago if the inhabitants had not planted quantities of tamarisk trees around their plots of cultivated ground. These leafy

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trees are more rugged than the palms and their sturdy trunks and green, rustling branches provide living walls of protection for the gardens, allowing them a certain amount of security in which to flourish. The coffee and reception room of the emir is utterly bare and bleak. One little straw mat lies on the clay floor, and the guests sit upon it. Arabian hospitality is such that no matter how poor the host may be, all the assembled company feel that they are equal, and hardly have we sat down when a bright fire is blazing in the fireplace, where coffee is being prepared. A mighty platter piled high with light brown dates, the best dates I ever ate in Nejd, is passed around to stay the hunger of the travelers.

The emir is a little, dark old man with sad, squinting eyes. He wears only a head cloth and a long dirty shirt, but he invites us with the customary politeness of his people to eat. 'God give you life; this house is your house; partake in God's name; this is all that we have.' At this point he makes a deprecatory gesture with his hand, a simple yet expressive motion. His entire destiny is conveyed to me in one of those single, instinctive movements through which men are able to reveal their fundamental character. 'The dates are not bad, partake in God's name. We can offer you no more than these few things. The wind, the wind has impoverished our poor gardens and our poor country. In earlier times, the village was big and rich but it has now grown small, for every year many of us wander off to Hail. The wind is destroying the palm trees and our daily bread, but it is God's will.'

We eat the dates and drink the coffee of this poor but hospitable man and then we sally forth again into the wind and into the whirling sand, climbing back on our camels preparatory to departure. Plantation after plantation stretches away into the distance, each one surrounded by the same high walls of sand, and the tamarisks sigh as the melancholy wind whistles through their branches.

THREE days later we encounter the first sand dunes of the Nefud (sand desert) of Bereida, a smooth expanse of fine yellow sand composed of many shades of color from a faint, almost white, yellowish gray to deep orange. This sand looks dark in the valleys but lighter on the crests of the dunes, whose gentle, rolling contours are indescribably harmonious, though their edges stand out sharply against the blue, horizonless heaven. During the winter rains tall grass grows in these places and Bedouins come here to feed their herds, but at this time of year, when no rain worth mentioning falls, the sand dunes lie dry and only a few miserable bushes remain alive.

'The camels like this kind of bush as much as men like a sweet cake,' says my companion, Saad ibn Isa, 'but it merely stuffs out their bellies and does them no real good.'

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No path winds through this shifting world of sand dunes and as our camels follow along the crest of the little hollows or wander down through the frequent declivities we must rely solely on our leader's sense of direction and upon the sun. We can see no life about us but we keep hearing the chirp of a little green bird and the drone of beetles. The only footprints in the sand are those of a jumping mouse or of an occasional hare, who probably surveys us from behind some near-by bush, gazing with startled eyes at these strange giants.

And now the landscape flattens out and we pass occasional villages with green palm trees planted in their midst. The ground looks more fertile here, for we are already in Kasim, the most prosperous province in Nejd, with its two large sister cities of Bereida and Aneysa.

Again the landscape changes, again we disappear in a maze of sand dunes, but the city of Bereida is already announcing its presence in the form of more and more luxurious vegetation and in tumble-down walls of clay. But the condition of both the plants and the walls speaks volumes for the mighty power of the encroaching sands, against which the inhabitants seem to have no effective weapon. Yet not all these gardens are destroyed. Many bring forth rich harvests in spite of the relentless sand, and from the distance we perceive thick clusters of trees and groups of little, well-built houses, the summer dwellings of the rich folk of Bereida.

At length we leave the last chain of sand dunes behind us and see stretching out before us the great yellow plain of Bereida, where the capital of Kasim is situated. High walls surround this capital and it is protected at its four corners by mighty bastions as well as by the lofty towers of the emir's castle.

We make our way past an old, collapsed watchtower that stands in the middle of the plain and we pause here to arrange our garments, for it is the custom in Arabia to pay great attention to æsthetic matters and it is essential for travelers to put on their best clothes before they enter any big city, so that they will look as if they had only just mounted their camels. And as we use our last drops of water to wash ourselves and as we comb out our tangled beards and dress ourselves in snow-white shirts pulled out of our saddle bags, Saad ibn Isa, who is such an experienced traveler that he can change his clothes very quickly, starts forth at once. Climbing upon his camel, which is now all decorated with tassels and fringes, and equipped with our letters of introduction, he departs for the city to announce our arrival to the emir.

WE HAVE now entered the first really large city in Nejd. Its wide, steep walls rise out of a flat, sandy plain which glistens like gold under the rays of the afternoon sun. There is not a bush, not even a blade of grass, between us and the city, only in the distance behind

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the walls can lofty clusters of palm trees be detected, set among sand dunes, and likewise row upon row of the lofty tamarisks that protect these gardens from wind and sand.

We enter through a broad open gate. Having expected to find narrow, winding streets we are surprised to discover a vast open marketplace, as big as an entire town. The right-hand side of this quadrilateral square is bounded by the bastioned city wall and the side opposite us and the side to the left are lined with the houses of merchants. All the buildings are made of clay, as is always the case in Nejd, but they are very carefully and firmly built. The entire centre of this square is packed with an innumerable host of camels, camels of every kind and description, from the solid, strong freight camels so commonly met with on the caravan routes of Arabia to the finest riding dromedaries of Oman. From among the rolling backs of these creatures and above their whining and wheezing the voices of the auctioneers can be heard, for auctioneering is the national industry of Arabia. The camels are led in front of the prospective buyer, who tests the way they walk, and the sale is completed at once without argument or haggling. There is a brief exchange of offers, lasting sometimes only a few seconds, until the highest price is reached and the animal promptly sold.

In spite of all the noise, a remarkably passionless atmosphere prevails throughout the market. Each person knows what he wants and comes to a decision with that acute, direct alertness so characteristic of the Arabian character. I have often asked myself what it was that attracted me so to the Arabians and the answer has always been their alertness. No other people in the world lives a life so free of all illusions, no other people is so totally lacking in inner suppressions, no other people is so constantly wide awake. The objection might be raised that a people without dreams is a people without depth, and that such a nation is only concerned with the superficial tensions of life, but the Arabs have their depths, and one individual often contains diametrically opposing characteristics. The point about the Arabs is that they are free from alternatives, lacking in reflectiveness. They have no desire to be different from what they are. They recognize their faults very clearly and a foreigner not infrequently finds himself amazed at their skill in self-criticism. They are not uniform, like primitive people; they seethe with contradictions and are constantly bursting forth in the most unexpected manner. Nevertheless, they have themselves well in hand and each man measures himself with his own standard. How, then, would complexes be possible? To the Occidental, the world is a dark myth; to the Arab, a transparent ball of glass of whose transparency he is utterly convinced, even though his gaze can no longer penetrate the infinite.

We leave our camels at the city gates. Several officials bearing swords inlaid with silver lounge about the gate and one of them enters to

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announce our arrival to the emir. Saad ibn Isa, who went in ahead of us, has prepared the way, and we are presently led into a small, simple reception chamber where the Emir Mubarak ibn Beria welcomes us with an 'Ahlan wa fahlan.' He is a tall, handsome, slender man with a dark beard and a distinguished bearing. One recognizes, however, at first glance that he is no born ruler like Ibn Saud or Ibn M'saad, the emir of Hail. His virtue has something ready-made and affected about it; an ostentatious stroking of the beard and an overbearing pride of manner take the place of the unassuming, gracious dignity of the born Arabian emir. The tone of our conversation is artificial and forced, and I am glad when our irksome reception is ended by the announcement of luncheon.

THE morning after my arrival a strange music awakens me. It comes through the open window, a singing, fluting, chirping noise like a thousand violins and clarinets all playing different pieces. There is the same charming disorder about it all that we hear in an opera house when the musicians are tuning their instruments. I reflect that there must be an enormous orchestra close at hand, so overpowering is the noise, but when I look out into the morning twilight across the huge and now empty marketplace, gazing over toward the gray clay houses on the other side and then allowing my eyes to wander toward the distant sand dunes, tamarisks, and palm trees, I can discern no musicians at all, but discover that the noise comes from hundreds of open wells in the garden, from which camels and donkeys are raising water in big leather buckets. The ropes to which these buckets are fastened run over wooden pulleys which are roughly made. Wooden wheel grates against wooden axle, singing a tune that varies up and down, until finally the rope is all paid out. Then the wheel stops with a shriek—a shriek that dies away into a sighing harmony. The camel turns about and goes back to the well and again the wheel sings out as the rope rolls back and the bucket sinks down to the water. There are so many of these wells that the noise never stops. Sometimes there are dissonances, at other times harmonies, a veritable cascade of indescribable, irregular rhythms, scratching, roaring, creaking, singing. What an orchestra it is, what music Nejd makes when it is at work! And because it is unconscious music it is infused with the greatness of inscrutable nature.

I will perhaps be laughed at for making this observation and people may say that I have made too much of the creaking and groaning of a few hundred pieces of wooden machinery. I can only reply that I stood a long time at my window in silence and was more deeply moved than I have ever been at any religious service that I have ever witnessed in all my life.

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The streets of Bereida run at right angles and parallel to each other, and differ considerably from the twisting, irregular streets in Hail and the other cities of Nejd. Thus Bereida has a certain smartness about it, an atmosphere made still more noticeable by its cleanliness, which presents an agreeable contrast to the disorder so prevalent in Arabia. But in Arabia even disorder turns out to be intentional when one observes it closely as a significant manifestation of the Arabian spirit, for the Arab is not disorderly by reason of any weakness or because he does not recognize certain necessities. As I have said before, the Arabs have a very clear conception of the things about them and of their own personal belongings. If they are disorderly it is only because they lack interest. Yet it is no great step from conscious disorder to conscious self-discipline, and there is every indication that the Arabs are not losing their way in progressing from the one state to the other.

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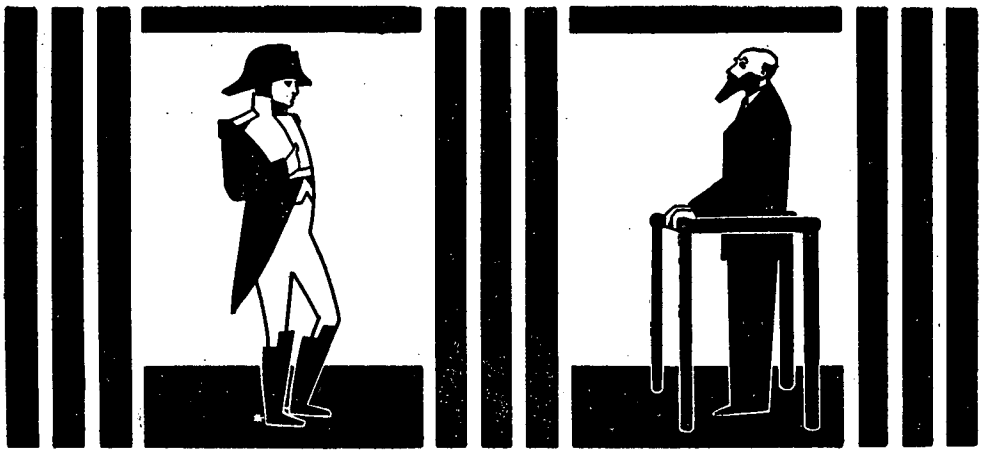

NAPOLEON AND LANDRU

An Imaginary Conversation

By Walter Hasenclever

Translated from *Der Querschnitt,* Berlin Literary Monthly

A room in the Musée Grevin in Paris. There are life-sized wax figures representing famous people such as politicians, kings, presidents, and criminals. A party on a Cook's tour enters the room.

GUIDE: Ladies and gentlemen, please step up nearer! The Musée Grevin, one of the most interesting museums in Paris, is visited every year by several hundred thousand people. It contains the world's largest and most complete collection of wax figures. In this room you see the best-known personages of history. Here is Napoleon I, the French Emperor, with his wife, Josephine. The group shows him when he was First Consul, surrounded by his retinue in Malmaison. Notice the characteristic position of his right arm. . . . Here you have the President of the United States. Over there Mussolini is raising his hand in the Fascist salute. Please, ladies, don't touch the figures! In this niche with the inscription, '*Pax*,' we see three well-known contemporary statesmen, Kellogg, Briand, and Stresemann. The scene represents an historic moment. May I request, ladies and gentlemen, that you move on a little farther. Here we come to one of the greatest criminals of our day. Landru, murderer of women, stands before the examining magistrate.

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You will doubtless remember that his trial caused a tremendous sensation. Landru, who was accused of having done away with eleven women in a secret manner, was condemned and executed, although he never confessed. Now we will leave this room and come to the Life of Jesus and Scenes of Terror from the period of the French Revolution.

(The group leaves the room. Two girls, Lola and Birgit, stay behind to look at Napoleon.)

LOLA: So that's how Napoleon looked!

BIRGIT: How do you like him?

LOLA: He's small and plump and untidy. I am disappointed in him.

BIRGIT: Do you think he really loved Josephine?

LOLA: She didn't seem to care much for him.

BIRGIT: He was awfully conceited.

LOLA: Just think how much we learned about him in school! When everyone knows so much about a man he has no luck with women.

BIRGIT: I've decided that history is a business for old men to study. The present is much more interesting. (They both look at Landru.)

LOLA: So that's what a murderer looks like!

BIRGIT: He killed eleven women altogether.

LOLA: It was never proved.

BIRGIT: Suppose you were going to meet him. What would you say?

LOLA: I'd say: 'Mr. Landru, I don't know whether you are a great criminal or a great lover. In any case, you are courageous. You held your tongue. You let yourself be executed without a quiver. You didn't conduct any wars or win any battles. But even without these a person can be a hero.'

BIRGIT: His beard bothers me. At least Napoleon is clean-shaven.

LOLA: You must take men as you find them.

BIRGIT: Wouldn't you be at all afraid?

LOLA: Why should I be?

BIRGIT: They say he burned those women.

LOLA: That proves that he had some kind of dealings with them.

BIRGIT: The more I look at him the better I like him. I believe I could fall in love with him.

LOLA: We never have any luck. We are condemned to be spectators. No man I know would be capable of doing anything extraordinary. You have to go to a museum to have experiences. (A bell rings.)

A VOICE: Five o'clock, young ladies. The museum is closing.

BIRGIT: Come, we must go. (They disappear.)

NAPOLEON (pulling his hand out from under his coat): Thank God! At last I can stretch my arm. It's no fun to stand in a pose forever just because history demands it.

LANDRU: Sire, you really can't complain. Your arm and my beard are the only things in the museum worth seeing.

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NAPOLEON: I am amazed that you speak of the two of us in the same breath.

LANDRU: Sire, we are neighbors.

NAPOLEON: Come on out of your cage and we'll continue our conversation. When I look at all the idiotic types with whom we are thrown in this place, your society seems to be the best available. Sit down.

LANDRU: After you, Sire.

NAPOLEON: No formality, please. We are historic figures. Posterity compels us to share our fame. Whether we like it or not, we must maintain amicable relations. (They sit down on a sofa.)

LANDRU: I have always wanted to have a few words with you. Of course, I can't compare my activities with yours, yet every man has a right to his own personality. Why shouldn't we forget tradition for a few minutes and become better acquainted socially?

NAPOLEON: You have spirit. If you had lived a hundred years ago, I should have made you King of Naples.

LANDRU: Fate, Sire, allotted me a better place. I should never have become famous as a king.

NAPOLEON: I should have put you in the right position. Under my guidance you would have done more to deserve immortality than duping a few stupid judges.

LANDRU: Oh, really you are wrong. Everyone remains exactly what he is. I became a murderer in a small way while you . . .

NAPOLEON: Keep still!

LANDRU: Sire, the censorship has been lifted. Permit me to speak frankly. What is the essential difference between us? You ruined men and I ruined women. We won't inquire into the motives. I have determined to guard my secret. This gives me an advantage over you. You considered the good of the people in order to justify your lust for power. I never went as far as that. And how did it turn out? We were both rendered completely innocuous.

NAPOLEON: But in the last analysis I did a great deal more than kill men.

LANDRU: Yes, you built streets which have now become quite inadequate to take care of traffic and you got up a set of laws which are now out of date.

NAPOLEON: Are you giving me advice?

LANDRU: What shall we talk about? Politics? Just look around you. Look at the people who administer your heritage. The world has not advanced a single step. Wars are still being waged and speeches are still being delivered. Let's talk about women instead.

NAPOLEON: You have certainly had experience in that line.

LANDRU: I did what I could.

NAPOLEON: Did you hear those two girls chattering? It seems that I

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am being publicly joked about. I have become the ideal of a humdrum society. Soon I'll never be mentioned except in history books. No one respects me any more.

LANDRU: It is your own fault, Sire.

NAPOLEON: How's that?

LANDRU: You haven't got the charm of a great criminal, which affects women so much. Your genius was buried with you.

NAPOLEON: The charm of a great criminal?

LANDRU: You never had the courage to commit a real crime.

NAPOLEON: You are mistaken. I was a general.

LANDRU: And what would have happened if your period in history had been less susceptible to victories than it was?

NAPOLEON: I could have imposed my will on any period of history.

LANDRU: In that case, perhaps, you would have ruled in a prison instead of in Fontainebleau.

NAPOLEON: When they read your death sentence you said something that was rather remarkable: 'In every battle there are the dead.' That saying might have come from my own lips.

LANDRU: I present you with it.

NAPOLEON (walking about with great strides): I cannot endure it any longer. This frame is too narrow for me. I never thought that immortality would be like this. Being on display as if you were in a fair is degrading.

LANDRU: You're unjust, Sire.

NAPOLEON: I admit that my pride has been hurt. The world, living on my ideas, dares to make irreverent sport of me. I did not become master of a hemisphere for the purpose of being laughed at by two stupid girls.

LANDRU: Between us, Sire, the girls are right. There is no more public interest in great men. No one wants genius any more. To-day the world is ruled by records, by sensations, and by senseless pleasure. Times were never so propitious for criminals. Take me, for instance.

NAPOLEON: You have put an idea into my head. I am tired of standing about in this place. I am going to get out and do something.

LANDRU: What are you going to do?

NAPOLEON: I shall inspect this world where there is no more genius to be found.

LANDRU: Do you intend to leave the museum?

NAPOLEON: I got away from Elba once. This should not be the most difficult thing in the world.

LANDRU: Are you serious about it?

NAPOLEON: I yearn to see Paris again.

LANDRU: You will have unpleasant experiences.

NAPOLEON: I am not worried about that. I shall travel incognito.

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I shall go and sit in my old café at the Palais Royal, where I used to go when I was a lieutenant, and drink absinth. After that, things will take care of themselves.

LANDRU: Sire, how are you going to pay for the absinth?

NAPOLEON: Don't disturb yourself about that. I know how people earn money. I did not rule for fifteen years in vain.

LANDRU: Sire, do reflect carefully about this matter. Here you have a fine, secure existence. Why do you wish to risk your fame so lightly? It is too late for that.

NAPOLEON: It is never too late.

LANDRU: Yes, I was of that opinion when I was arrested.

NAPOLEON: See here, I'll make you a proposition. Come along with me.

LANDRU: God forbid! I don't want to have anything more to do with women.

NAPOLEON: I have enjoyed making your acquaintance. In case I should again play a rôle in public life, I should make sure that you had a better status than you have here.

LANDRU: I beg of you, Sire, not to do that. Here I stand between two monarchs. The equality with princes for which you struggled hard has come to me overnight. As soon as you have gone, I shall retire into the frigid silence which I have abandoned only this once, out of admiration for you.

NAPOLEON: Haven't you any ambition?

LANDRU: No, none at all. I despise men. If you could see how the public conducted itself during my trial you would no longer have any desire to play at being Providence again.

NAPOLEON: Something has got to happen. Europe has lost its greatest war. The people of Europe are incapable of discovering a form of agreement which will guarantee their mutual liberties. Europe is becoming a slave of America. I am going to save Europe. I am the only one who can do it.

LANDRU: You talk like a politician.

NAPOLEON: I am a politician. I never was anything else. My battles were only means to an end. I cannot sit still in this corner when there are crises in the world outside. The world is ripe for my ideas. I am determined to act.

LANDRU: You will be surprised.

NAPOLEON: You are the first to whom I have confided my plans for flight. Henceforth you can say with pride that you were a party to them.

LANDRU: May I give you a word of advice? Beware of the press.

NAPOLEON: I shall have all journalists locked up.

LANDRU: That will be very difficult.

NAPOLEON: My star is rising. My name does not enter into the

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question. I am marching at the head of invisible armies. I am off to Paris.

LANDRU: Stop! Your appearance is impossible. You will be arrested right away.

NAPOLEON: Why?

LANDRU: You need a tailor, Sire. May I offer you my services?

NAPOLEON: What! Did you learn how to be that, too?

LANDRU: Learn is not exactly the right word. It involves a definite vocation. Would you like to wager that I can make a complete gentleman of you inside of five minutes?

NAPOLEON: You make me curious!

LANDRU: It's all very simple. We must undress one of these other gentlemen. We shall certainly be able to find something that will suit you.

NAPOLEON: So I am to begin my career by committing a theft?

LANDRU: It would not be the first time. Permit me to take your measurements.

NAPOLEON: On the eighteenth of Brumaire I had cannon mounted.

LANDRU: Times have changed. To-day you only need a well-fitting cutaway.

NAPOLEON: Why are you pressing like that on my stomach?

LANDRU: Your stomach is a problem.

NAPOLEON: As Emperor I put on a little weight.

LANDRU: That's one of the consequences of monarchy.

NAPOLEON: Instead of giving me good advice, I wish you would hurry a little.

LANDRU: We shall begin immediately to try things on. Come along. Let's look over the wardrobes of these other gentlemen. Whom shall we sacrifice?

NAPOLEON: The King of Spain.

LANDRU: Oh, his suit is a cheap one. What you need is British cloth.

NAPOLEON: That is out of the question. I wouldn't take even a pair of trousers from England. I hate the country.

LANDRU: Then there is no one left but Mussolini.

NAPOLEON: Onward then! Take off his trousers.

LANDRU (obeying): They are shockingly loose.

NAPOLEON: Just like their wearer. That's how he will look in the eyes of posterity. That is his correct appearance.

LANDRU: Be so good as to put them on. I hope that they will fit you.

NAPOLEON (dressing himself): Every minute is precious. While I am carrying on a stupid masquerade here, events of great significance may be taking place.

LANDRU: You are putting the trousers on backward. You must button them up, Sire.

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NAPOLEON: I see the map of Europe before me. The glory of my first victories accompanies me. Arcole and Rivoli are offering me their trophies.

LANDRU: Here are the suspenders.

NAPOLEON: Well, what shall I do with them?

LANDRU: Why, they are a necessity for the modern man.

NAPOLEON: Give me a belt.

LANDRU: Impossible, Sire, you can't wear a belt with a cutaway. (He fastens the suspenders.)

NAPOLEON: Do you want to make me into a saddle horse?

LANDRU: Your toilet is a matter of prestige. May I request that you put on this collar? Here is the tie that goes with it. Both of them have come off the President of the United States. (He fastens collar and tie with a collar button.)

NAPOLEON: They look as if they had.

LANDRU: Now the lower part of you is covered. Fascism has done its duty by you. Now we come to your more noble portions.

NAPOLEON: Give me the frock coat that the French President is wearing.

LANDRU: Don't be too hasty! You will have time for that sort of *coup d'état* later. What you need is the coat of an important politician, a real diplomat.

NAPOLEON: I don't see any here.

LANDRU: Briand and Kellogg are not your size. How would Stresemann be?

NAPOLEON: Spare me, I beg of you!

LANDRU: Sire, the personality of this statesman guarantees that you will be able to find a way out of every situation.

NAPOLEON: I cannot forgive the Prussians their ambiguous attitude.

LANDRU: You can punish them by leaving their greatest statesman in his shirt sleeves. (He takes off Stresemann's coat and vest and puts them on Napoleon.) The coat suits you admirably. Half Mussolini, half Stresemann, there you have the politics of the future. How do you feel now, Sire?

NAPOLEON: As if I were in a straight jacket. (He takes a few steps.)

LANDRU: Stop, we have forgotten the most important thing. (He takes Stresemann's brief case out of his hand and gives it to Napoleon.) Take the brief case with you.

NAPOLEON: Why?

LANDRU: A brief case opens every door. That's the way politics are carried on at present.

NAPOLEON: I'd rather have a pair of pistols.

LANDRU: Greet Paris for me. Take a greeting to the sunset over the Seine and to the lights on the *Champs Élysées*. Take a greeting to *Mont-*

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martre, where I spent the happiest hours of my life. And if, by chance, you pass the *Palais de Justice* salute that proud building for me.

NAPOLEON: Can I do anything more for you?

LANDRU: Nothing more. I am content with my lot. When the world resounds with your deeds, remember that an obscure criminal warned you.

NAPOLEON: Farewell! (They shake hands. Napoleon goes out. Landru returns to his place and becomes again an immovable wax figure.)

UNPUBLISHED POEM

By Rupert Brooke

From *The Best Poems of 1928*. Selected by Thomas Moult. London: Jonathan Cape. 6s.

Stars that seem so close and bright
Watched by lovers through the night,
Swim in emptiness, men say,
Many a mile and year away.

And yonder star that burns so white,
May have died to dust and night
Ten, maybe, or fifteen year,
Before it shines upon my dear.

Oh! often among men below,
Heart cries out to heart, I know,
And one is dust a many years,
Child, before the other hears.

Heart from heart is all as far,
Fafaïa, as star from star.

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1830-1930

LITERATURE REPEATS ITSELF

To-day and a Hundred Years Ago

By Pierre Mille

Translated from *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

IN HIS INTERESTING STUDY of the spread of modern literature that has just been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. André Berge makes a point of the anxiety that agitates our younger literary generation—anxiety, not to say disenchantment and despair. No one seems to know any more why we go on living or why we are placed on this earth.

A similar state of mind brought forth Romanticism exactly one hundred years ago, but with this difference, that the Romantics escaped by the very effusiveness of their despair, by literary lyricism, by words. At the present time, on the other hand, our younger generation no longer believes in literary lyricism and verbal effusiveness. Such things give them the horrors. Anxiety, or rather boredom, and dry, withering disgust prevail everywhere.

It is a grave adventure we have embarked upon, if the evil is as serious as M. Berge believes it to be, and it is a subject to which I shall return at a later date. To-day, however, my intentions are modest. I am going to content myself with pointing out other resemblances, complicated, to be sure, by important differences, between our own epoch and the period from 1815 to 1830, the period which prepared the great Romantic Renaissance. And I am also going to have the temerity to say that my point of departure will be more or less commercial.

The resemblance is precisely this: from 1815 to 1830, as in our own time between the years 1918 and 1930, there was a recrudescence, almost

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a superabundance, of literary production. The Restoration witnessed a literary outburst analogous to the one that is making such a striking impression on us to-day. Perhaps you remember how Balzac, in *Illusions perdues*, depicts the way Lucien de Rubempré made his beginnings through the success of *The Archer of Charles IX*, which yielded its author 5,000 francs in royalties, a sum corresponding to about 100,000 francs at the present time. The success of this book permitted Lucien to enter high society, to become the lover of two great ladies, and to get engaged to the daughter of a *grand seigneur* who was a minister and a French peer.

Balzac did not exaggerate at all, for great writers rarely do. They merely record certain psychological and social facts so vividly that they make an ineffaceable impression upon the reader. The truth is that under Louis XVIII and Charles X there appeared more writers than in any other period of history—some of them with real talent, and some with less or none at all. Who to-day remembers Marchangy and the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, men who were read, made good money, and enjoyed a certain fame?

THERE are reasons for this literary flowering, but I do not pretend to be able to enumerate all of them. Here, however, are two or three.

In the first place, whatever the liberals may have said at the time, censorship was more lax under the Restoration than under the First Empire, especially as far as the novel and the theatre were concerned, and, for my own part, I should be inclined to add that singers and journalists enjoyed almost equal freedom. For, if any of the latter were censored or even imprisoned, and if newspapers were fined, suspended, or even suppressed altogether, at least newspapers and newspapermen did exist, whereas under the First Empire there were few, if any, of them. And books and theatres enjoyed an even greater liberty than the press. Such freedom was bound to lead to an explosion.

In the second place, there was the discovery, not only of England, but of English, because so many French *émigrés* had spent as many as twenty years of their life on the other side of the channel, bringing back with them the works of Walter Scott and Byron. And, finally, the Revolution and the Empire between them had brought into being a new society, although the old one did exist or at least wanted to be resuscitated, a condition that Balzac strikingly reveals. For this ancient society was not dead. It was merely dispossessed of its former political power, which was no longer exercised by 'the Court,' that is to say, by a small group of people whose aristocratic birth gave them the privilege of approaching the King, and thus directing affairs of state.

Political influence had passed into the hands of a great landed middle class or, in rare instances, into the hands of an industrial middle

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class, who wielded power through a parliament in which they alone were represented. But ancient society survived in certain individuals and in certain customs, especially in the provinces, and as a result there were two concomitant phenomena flatly opposed to one another. These elements, whether they were ghosts of a former day or products of the new world, felt the need of understanding this new world. Most of the young men who were beginning to write had grown up after the torments of the Revolution and under the rule of Napoleon, and they did much to bring about this upheaval. They kept announcing, or at least wanting to announce, what new aspirations they had, what new conceptions they had evolved regarding man, woman, love, and life, and the more curious they became about the changed universe the more they explored it.

TO-DAY the first two factors that made this explosion and this release of energy possible no longer exist. There is no more censorship now than there was before the War. And no one is coming back from England or anywhere else with the works of a great poet in his suitcase or with the output of some novelist who has shown how some new literary field might be exploited. But we are living in a new world, such a very new world that nobody understands it at all.

The War alone did not create every detail in this world of ours, for even before it broke a hasty glance would have revealed certain aspects that came after, chiefly the dispossession of the bourgeois class from its former political and administrative domains. We find, for instance, M. Emmanuel Berl in his *Mort de la pensée bourgeoise* stating that our writers, ninety per cent of whom are bourgeois, sympathize with the class who is evicting them. With super-capitalism on the one hand and an entente between this capitalism and the working and peasant classes on the other, the old bourgeoisie is caught between two millstones. Then came a series of new exterior manifestations. Automobiles, moving pictures, airplanes began changing our outer lives so fast that we no longer have time to think in elementary terms, unless we revert entirely to ourselves and go in for nothing but introspection. Nor is this all.

The War has hurried this tendency forward, the War and the Russian Revolution. Political and social developments that would normally have taken fifty years to run their course have been rushed through in thirty years, within the space of a single generation; the very generation, incidentally, that was mowed down on the battle fields. We find ourselves facing new problems, many of them disturbing and distressing ones. There is a multitude of poor people who are no longer able to keep their end up and wish that everything was the way it used to be, people who cannot grasp the fact that 25 francs are now only worth 100 sous. Then there are sinister, practical people who exploit this lack of

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imagination and immediately give a value of only 100 depreciated sous for 25 depreciated francs. There are proletarians who say to themselves, 'Eastward lies a country where the proletariat is the dictator.' There are members of the former ruling class who no longer rule, but say to themselves, 'To the south lies a country where a dictator, an ex-Socialist, has organized his former Socialist comrades and utilized them for the benefit of public order, pursuing, in this way, a nationalistic, or supposedly nationalistic, ideal.' Then there are certain newspapers controlled by capitalists who have virtually muzzled the French press in essential matters. There are *nouveaux riches* and *nouveaux pauvres;* there is, nevertheless, a state of thriving economic prosperity that offers a strange contrast with the poverty of the Government, which has not even enough money to pay its national debts, in spite of the heavy taxes it levies. There are people who think, or pretend to think, and there are people who have preserved a certain intellectual and social honesty. There are poor, crushed little gentlemen, all of them facing situations where everything is changed about them—'the earth, sky, and man,' as Musset said. In fact, this observation holds even more true for 1930 than it did for 1830, when he made it.

A CENTURY has passed and history repeats itself. Anxiety, not to say anguish, is again in the air. Where are we going? People who write and people who do not write ask the same question. People who do not write read the works of those who do and in them they find only the expression of the same immense fatigue they feel themselves, but unilluminated and unhopeful of the future. The Romantics, at least, cried out, 'Who of us, who of you will become a God?' as Musset said.

The writers of to-day merely analyze themselves, which does not seem to inspire either themselves or others with any great hope. Never have people been so curious to know what the world is coming to, but there is no answer to their question. No answer, yet the questions keep on coming. And the prejudices and superstitions that divide all literature into various genres grow more and more pronounced, having already become one of our besetting sins. Observations on political and social matters no longer enter into the novel, which must remain purely psychological to be qualified as literature nowadays. Drieu La Rochelle is an excellent novelist, but he has also written *Genève . . . ou Moscou?*, which he has filled with bold points of view, profound observations, and serious concern for the future. But one asks oneself if he has not confounded the rôle of the novelist and the rôle of the social philosopher. Thus even the best and boldest spirits cut a timid and irresolute figure.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Anglo-America

AFTER SERVING FOR many years as Paris correspondent of the *New Statesman*, Mr. Sisley Huddleston was rewarded for his virtue by being assigned to accompany Ramsay MacDonald on his visit to the United States. As a contributor to a pro-Labor weekly, Mr. Huddleston could not fail to express some of the official satisfaction of his party, but there is also in his comments on Anglo-American relations a new and positive note of hope. And, although he was impressed by the popular enthusiasm that greeted Mr. MacDonald everywhere, he feels that there was a real as well as a sentimental basis for it. 'It has become fashionable,' he says, 'to deny the Anglo-Saxonism of the United States. But it is nevertheless a solid fact.' Because the new immigration quota of 65,000 allows to Great Britain more than twice as many immigrants as to Germany and about ten times as many as to any other country, America not only remains essentially Anglo-Saxon but will tend to become more and more so. Mr. Huddleston then goes on to say:—

> Mr. MacDonald, addressing Mr. Hoover in a tongue which calls for no translation, brought back to us a clear conception of our half-forgotten or cheaply and paradoxically denied relationship. It is a relationship unique in the world. The folly of those who would arrange the world neatly and diagrammatically in continents lies in their substituting geography for humanity. M. Briand, for example, asks for the United States of Europe. But what have European countries to do with each other simply as European countries? Has England closer spiritual affinities with, say, Bulgaria than with Canada? Does even France feel itself drawn nearer to its ally, Poland, or to Yugoslavia than to Algeria? Name all the names of European countries, and ask yourself whether England is, by its mere Europeanism, more in unison with them than with its sons who are scattered over the seven seas. Are the British more attracted to France, for example, than to the United States? The question is absurd, but diplomatists, who are often wrong-headed, have in recent years not only put the question, but answered it most grievously and erroneously.
>
> These reflections I have heard all around me; and I endorse them. The far-reaching character of the MacDonald mission is felt by the man in the street, who is usually uninterested in politics. With a curious instinct he knows, better than the politicians, that Mr. MacDonald did not come primarily to talk of cruisers or of submarines.
>
> The narrow and the immediate subject of negotiations is far outpassed by the causes and consequences of the conversations. In 1904, the reaching of an agreement between France and England on Morocco and Egypt and other places was nothing to the real purport of the Entente Cordiale. In 1929, the reaching of an agreement between Great Britain and the United States on battleships is as nothing to the real meaning of an Anglo-American understanding.
>
> For, before England and the United States could agree, it was necessary that they should persuade each other that in no circumstances could they ever seriously quarrel. That preliminary belief, operating in every domain, is of infinitely greater moment than the logical outcome of the belief in the single naval domain.

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Anti-America

M. HENRI MASSIS, author of *Defence of the West* and editor of the strongly pro-Catholic *Revue Universelle*, has found it necessary to speak quite harshly about the materialism which, in his opinion, is so uniquely characteristic of America. Mere prosperity positively gives him the shudders and now that America has become the richest nation in the world there is no health in her:—

> The material prosperity of America, whose growth seems to know no limits, should not put us under any illusions. It amounts to nothing but a formidable façade, whose no less formidable collapse we little midgets may presently witness. It is not difficult to imagine the suicide that will overtake that portion of humankind which has lost its soul searching for more highly perfected ways of living and which, having attained this perfection, will be so attracted by Nothingness that it will blow up its whole machinery of existence; for human nature cannot be violated beyond certain limits.
>
> In spite of all appearances, America has its tribulations. A secret disease of a moral and human sort is at work. The inflexible principles of Puritanism, which have long kept the structure standing, are now beaten down. The American soul is divided against itself. It is being gradually suffocated by strange theories, against which a long past of intellectual and critical traditions cannot inoculate it, for the simple reason that no such past exists. Look how ingenuously the Americans embrace new doctrines. And how revealing are the passions that the debates about these problems arouse. Darwinian and Freudian theories are accepted with such fervor that the tribunes of the people have to intervene. The notion of race and of family runs the risk of being utterly corrupted.
>
> To us Latins, the American woman, that luxurious and futile creature, remains a stupefying object. Her rôle as mother, spouse, and guardian of the hearth scarcely exists. In fact, can one even speak of the hearth in a country like America? Yet no society can exist without that institution. I believe that no nation has ever felt the emptiness of its soul so tragically as America. Its moral life deteriorates just as rapidly as its material prosperity increases. The American who chances to believe that one needs a little idealism to go on living must search for that idealism in the most windy, gyrating absurdities, in the most preposterous forms of folly.
>
> As for the social morality that holds sway in America, nothing is more equivocal or more hard. It encourages a whole body of oversimplified biological considerations, which, in turn, are based on a theory of race superiority and a hypocritical moral code. For the truth is that the United States has two kinds of morality—master morality and slave morality. We imagine that the American proletariat enjoys a privileged position compared to workers in other parts of the world because we think only of the high standard of living it enjoys. But the fact is that the American worker must submit to the strongest kind of laws, which are administered with a rare cynicism. Take, for instance, the famous Prohibition Amendment. It does not exist for the propertied class—this law, say the members of this class, is not made for us, it is made for the people. Yet at the same time one may well fear that when the material saturation point is reached, even America will experience the revolutions and troubles that arise from a conscience that has been violated too long. All the needs of humanity are not satisfied by assuring everyone a Ford and a bath room. Social well-being is attained only by more difficult labors—it can only be the fruit of Unity.

Let America Finance Europe

FRANCIS DELAISI, a French economist who has written extensively about the United States, does not feel that the wealth accumulated by Americans in recent years constitutes any real danger to the Old World. He points out that America obviously wishes to become the world's banker and comments favor-

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ably on the thrifty instincts of the American people:—

During the last ten years, a cult of thrift has grown up in the American middle class, whose members have formed the same attachment to family values that the good French people in the old days used to possess. Bourgeois Americans to-day are looking for sound securities that yield a fixed return. Companies have been formed whose purpose is to buy good European securities, such as railroad and industrial stocks, and put these securities in the hands of the American public. The great capital wealth of America permits this and it is the final form of American penetration. America is going to become the world's banker, just as France was before the War.

I do not believe that America wishes to do more than play the rôle of banker. Believe me, indeed, when I say that these lenders have no intention of running the borrowers' businesses for them. The borrower knows his own country and knows the best ways of using the money he borrows to advantage.

People like Young and Morgan have been asking themselves what is to be done with America's excess capital. The first solution would be to lend it to big industrial concerns, and to railway and steamship lines. But there is another solution. Why not lend it to individuals and let them buy up various industries? Look at Europe. See where its railways are most intensively developed. Draw a line through Stockholm, Danzig, Warsaw, Budapest, Florence, Bilbao, around and about France, through England and Ireland, and back to Stockholm again, via Bergen. Within that line you will find all the great reserves of natural wealth, all the mining and textile industries, all the great financial markets. In these places the urban population is far greater than the rural population and the parts of Europe situated outside the confines of that line are utterly different from the parts of Europe that it incloses. Beyond its borders are a third of the area of Europe and half of Europe's population. Why should not that part of Europe be organized like the rest? Why not give it the same equipment? Why not give it the same industrial development? But with what money? With American money, of course. With that capital, Europe would be able to organize herself rationally and become self-sufficient. She would be able to feed her hundred million extra mouths that are now living on importations. That is the solution of our economic equilibrium.

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WAR AND PEACE

If there is another war, both sides will endeavor to exterminate noncombatants by means of poison. While this possibility is present the less we talk about progress the better.—*Dean W. R. Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.*

Is war really the natural condition of all living creatures? The controlling law of the universal struggle for existence so decrees. We have only to look about us to become convinced of the fact. Everything conflicts. Every element reacts against every other. Even mutual aid is but the substitution of one possible combat for another. To be sure, fighting can continue only in a rhythm of alternate intensity and relaxation. Do the periods of relaxation, which are sometimes brief and sometimes prolonged, and which are but opposition under new forms, succeed in creating the elements of that increasing stability called peace, that is, a struggle under better control? What is war and what is peace? What distinguishes them in their methods, in their arrangements, and in their results? Since war is a method by which humanity destroys itself, peace might appear as a reparatory rhythm in which human beings abandon themselves to the oscillations of a compensatory altruism. Thus, indeed, words paint the picture. Nevertheless, how can we fail to discover under our altruistic phrases the brutal reality of unchecked egoism?—*Georges Clemenceau.*

History shows that when there are serious crises it is arms and war which solve them. If I had the terrible responsibility of governing a country in war time I should make a clean sweep of all sowers of discord and defeatists. I should impose stern discipline behind the war front. I should eliminate the spectacle presented to soldiers returning home on leave from muddy trenches of brilliant, carefree, merry life in the big cities. I should take from war factories all able-bodied slackers who think it more useful to manufacture bullets, shells, and bombs than to shoot and throw them.—*Benito Mussolini.*

Peace is like a beautiful woman—it's wonderful, but has been known to bear watching. So, when we are having tea with Ramsay, let's hold out a rowboat at least.—*Will Rogers, American humorist.*

When a country with three times our population and more than three times our wealth and material resources says, 'We ask only for the *same* naval power as you,' the offer in the circumstances just indicated should be accepted without boggling too much about the precise definition of 'equality.' The approach should *not* be that of Mr. Winston Churchill, who in a recent speech insisted that we could not accept mathematical parity with the United States, as this would involve an actual strategical inferiority.—*Norman Angell, Labor Member of Parliament.*

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Views & Reviews

THE MAKING OF NEW GERMANY. *By Philipp Scheidemann. Translated by J. E. Mitchell. Two volumes. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1929. $10.00.*

AS A LEADING FIGURE for more than twenty years in the German Social Democratic Party, Philipp Scheidemann is peculiarly well equipped to describe the period during which his country changed from an imperial to a republican form of government. Not only did he participate actively in every phase of the Revolution of 1918, but his clear head and shrewd political sense help him to give an intelligent interpretation of what happened. Already he has written exhaustively on certain aspects of that crucial period, but here, in his autobiography, he ties up all his opinions and achievements with the complete story of his eventful life.

Philipp Scheidemann was born in Cassel in 1865, the son of a poor carpenter who died comparatively early in life after a long illness, leaving the support of his family to his altogether admirable wife. Their son received what would correspond in America to rather less than a high-school education and soon had to find work in a printing establishment. For more than ten years he followed this trade, and it gradually opened the doors of newspaper offices to his eager hand. A childhood of downright privation and an adolescence divided between study, work, and wandering made him take naturally to Socialistic doctrines, but his fundamental good sense and good nature always kept him at a safe distance from the more violent forms of radicalism. And, in imperial Germany, one had to keep a level head on one's shoulders not to long for drastic changes, since what little power the Reichstag enjoyed was modified by election laws skillfully designed to operate against a very considerable body of Socialist voters.

It was Scheidemann's activity on Socialist papers that led him to the Reichstag and finally to the vice presidency of that body. Long before the War he had distinguished himself as a witty and persuasive speaker, de-

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veloping at the same time a political technique that was to prove valuable later in his career. When the War broke out, the Social Democrats, who had done what they could—and it was not much—to prevent hostilities, supported the imperial government. They have insisted ever afterward that they were facing a *fait accompli* and, though defections occurred in their ranks and though the more moderate leaders like Scheidemann did what they could to bring about peace by negotiation, the party as a whole continued to vote for more and more War Credits.

Scheidemann devotes a great, perhaps an unnecessary, amount of space to the efforts of the Social Democrats, and then of the Pope, to bring about peace, but he also shows clearly the incapacity of the various leaders, political and military, with whom he came into closer and closer contact. But the most interesting pages do not come until the middle of the second volume, where the author describes the collapse of the imperial government, Prince Max's temporizing with Wilson and the Kaiser, Ludendorff's plea for an armistice, and finally his own proclamation of the German Republic while around the corner Karl Liebknecht was endeavoring to stir up a Bolshevist *coup d'état*.

Not much of the book makes very cheerful reading—least of all the dismal difficulties of post-War Germany which culminated in the Kapp *Putsch*. But throughout this last phase, as at all other times, Scheidemann stood firmly against extremists both of the Right and of the Left, and, now that his career has come to as victorious a conclusion as he could hope for, he can at least enjoy the satisfaction of having written an autobiography that truly justifies its title. It is to be hoped, however, that the twilight of his days will not be darkened by having to read the unfailingly inept English translation. The fact that one persists gladly to the end is the highest tribute that can be paid to the solid merits of the book itself.

Q. H.

SCIENCE AND THE UNSEEN WORLD. *By Arthur Stanley Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $1.25.*

In this paper, originally delivered before the London Society of Friends, Professor Eddington attempts to answer the questions: Is the unseen world revealed by the mystical outlook a reality? Are we, in pursuing the mystical outlook, facing the hard facts of experience? He points out that modern science is ultimately reduced to manipulation of unsubstantial symbols. In his opinion, not even the most rigidly scientific scrutiny of experience precludes recognition of the reality of the religious experience.

Professor Eddington develops his argument with dignity, poetic feeling, and a certain plausibility, and then proceeds to vitiate its force by dealing inadequately with the question of God. Does God exist? Eddington admits an ambiguity of meaning in the word, 'exist,' and dexterously evades the issue by saying, 'The crucial point for us is not a conviction of the existence of a supreme God but a conviction of the revelation of a supreme God.'

This does not sit well upon his subsequent statement: 'It is . . . of the very essence of the unseen world that the conception of personality should dominate it.' The cautious reader is moved to ask how one can have a conception of divine personality without a conviction of divine existence.

Doubtless because of the susceptibilities of many of his readers, Professor Eddington allows them a personal God. As a scientist of reputation, he speaks with becoming humility of the achievements of science. This humility and his generosity in flinging spiritual rope to the religious-minded bid fair to constitute him the prophet of devout intellectuals.

MEET THE GERMANS. *By Henry Albert Phillips. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1929. $3.00.*

This is a genial book of the experiences of an obviously jovial and enthusiastic person. He has wandered over Germany for the purpose of mingling with the German people in beer gardens and dance halls, at folk festivals and church services. Mr. Phillips has a capacity for naïve, boyish enjoyment. Through it he humanizes the Germany of the guidebooks to a considerable extent. He goes, as some of us would like to do some day, to Hameln, where the Pied Piper lured away first rats and then the village children. He

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observes the Polish Corridor and the free city of Danzig, the fields of Silesia and the efficient mechanism of the Krupp works. His account of an informal evening with Stresemann has already appeared in THE LIVING AGE. It must be said that to some places and occasions he does scant justice. The book is fragmentary in plan, has a plethora of exclamation marks, and is riddled with questionable grammar.

LES LÉONIDES. *By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Eugene Lohrke. New York: Henry Holt and Company, Inc. 1929. $2.00.*

Rolland, through a noble series of dramas, has lifted the French Revolution from its local setting in time and space and has endowed it with universal values. His work is magnificent in scope and organic in structure. It is unsatisfactory to review one play isolated from the others, and the reader, acquainted with one, will inevitably search out the rest. Rolland's prefaces, like those of Shaw, really deserve separate attention.

Les Léonides takes its title from the shower of meteors that falls at the close of the action. They symbolize the continuity of nature, which persists through revolution and counterrevolution, the final and inescapable unity in which oppositions merge. For the materials and atmosphere of the play Rolland has drawn discriminatingly upon the memoirs of the French *émigrés*.

In Switzerland, land of their exile, the Prince of Courtenay, aristocrat, and his former enemy, Regnault, the Jacobin, have been brought together by a strange twist of destiny. The prince was once the young, implacably cruel Count of 'Pâques Fleuries.' Although he retains his high pride of lineage and tradition, years of bitterness and of stern encounter with rocks and trees and soil have mellowed his spirit. It is his son who utters, simply, the *motif* of the drama: 'Yes, one is often much nearer to the enemy one kills than to an ally.' The Prince and Regnault, mutually antagonistic, reluctantly yield to the realization that time and circumstances and the devious turns of revolution have reconciled in fact their differences, which are still sharply opposed in theory. Their mutual suspicion and intolerance are rendered futile in the presence of the death of Regnault's little son, and in the harmonious, courageous love of the Prince's son for Regnault's fair daughter. When at last the *émigrés* are again denounced and compelled to leave Switzerland, which has been their refuge, they stand like solitary gods on the hills above Soleure to watch Napoleon's approach. In the flare of torches that marks the Corsican's perfunctory visit to the town they see the homage offered by the people to a new autocracy.

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STRETCHERS. *By Frederick A. Pottle. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. $3.00.*

This conscientious, sensitive account of the activities of an American hospital unit in France in 1918 will form an essential, if minor, part of the general War record. It mirrors the War from a highly specialized point of view, indicating how steadfastly the burden was borne by the far-flung, unwieldy organization behind the lines. *Stretchers* contains illuminating descriptions for the layman of various types of wounds and methods of treating and dressing them. They do not make pleasant reading. In recounting the periods of enlistment, training, and demobilization, the author often makes courteously uncomplimentary remarks about certain phases of army organization and discipline. The book is another example of the honest, factual nature of present writing about the War. Later books will probably fall into ways of romanticism. Before that happens it is necessary that the gaps in the record be closed.

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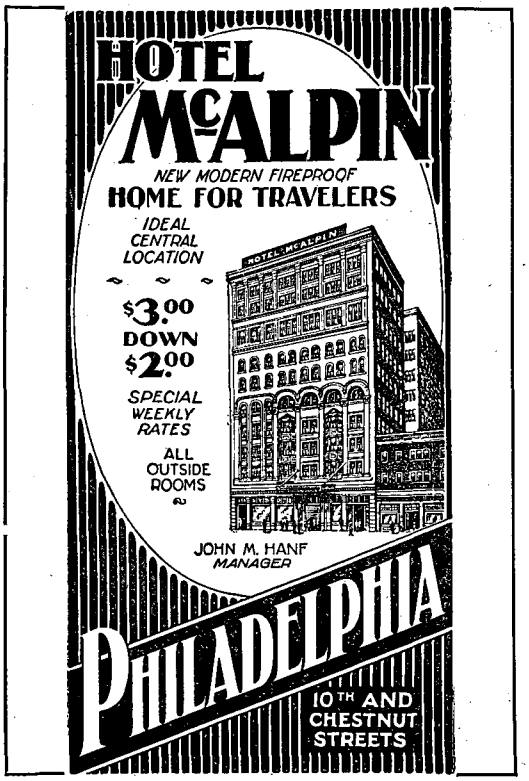

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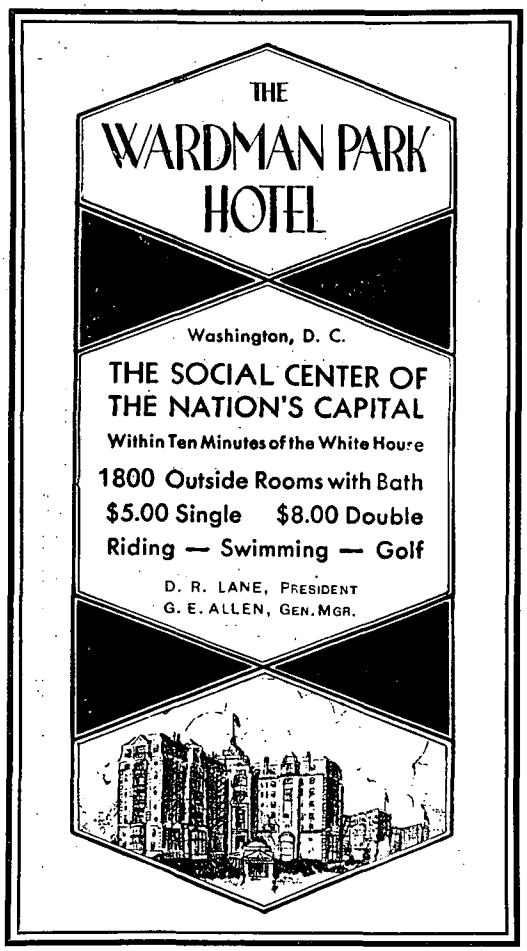

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Telephone Lexington 7060

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At the upper end of the Grand Central Zone in the heart of the smart "East Fifties." Suites are of 1, 2 and 3 rooms with foyers and service pantries. Windows are glazed with Vita-Glass which admits the unfiltered rays of the sun. Rentals include maid service, electric light and refrigeration, vacuum and window cleaning service.

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World Travel Calendar

Argentina

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *January 6*, Three Kings' Day.

Austria

ADMONT. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
BLUDENZ. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
GASTEINER-THAL. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
RAX ALPE. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
SCHLADMING. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
SEMMERING. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
VIENNA. October 25-December 15, Fall Art Exhibition of the *Hagenbund; November 9-December 10*, International Danube Board; *November 29-December 31*, Exhibition, Künstlerhaus; *5-31*, Christmas Exhibition, Künstlerhaus.
ZÜRS. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.
BRUSSELS. December 8-19, 22nd International Exhibition of Automobiles, Motorcycles, Boats, and Radios; *January 8*, Festival of Saint Gudule.

Brazil

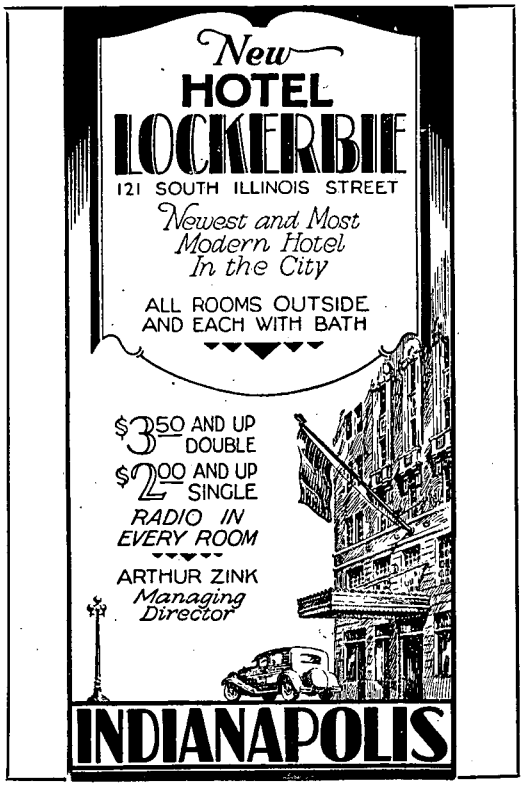
NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *January 6*, Three Kings' Day.
RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration in Commemoration of the Founding of Rio de Janeiro.

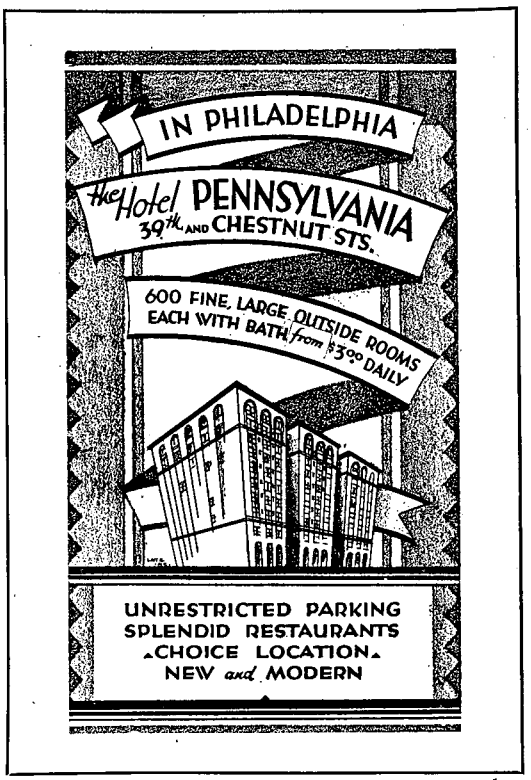
Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 14, New Year's Day.

Canada

GUELPH. December, Ontario Provincial Winter Fair.





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OTTAWA. December 2-6, Ottawa Winter Fair and Horse Show.

CHILE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *9*, Battle of Ayacucho; *January 6*, Three Kings' Day.

CUBA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 7, Decoration Day; *8*, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

SAN DOMINGO. December 25, Christmas Day.

ECUADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 25, Christmas Day.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

LONDON. December, Three Arts Ball, in the first week of the month; *10-16*, Smithfield Club Cattle Show; *December-January*, 6th International Schoolboys' Exhibition.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 6, Independence Day.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 24, Celebrations of Christmas Eve in Homes and Restaurants, Midnight Mass in the Catholic Churches; *25*, Christmas Day Celebrations; *26*, Straw Day; *January 5*, Ceremony of *Galette des Rois*.

FONT-ROMEN. January 13-20, Curling Championship of France; *26-February 2*, Ski Races and Championships.

NICE. December 9, Auto and Motorcycle Races.

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PARIS. January 3, Festival of Saint Genevieve.
SUPERBAGNÈRES. January 1, Ice Gymkhana opens; *5*, Grand Skating Competitions open; *12-28*, Grand Ski Races.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 26, *Der Grosse Pferdetag; January 6*, Carnival commences.
BERLIN. November 7-January 18, German-Language Course at the University.
KRUMMHÜBEL. January 12, Winter Sports open.
SCHIERKE. January 25, Harz Mountains Ski Championship.

HAWAII

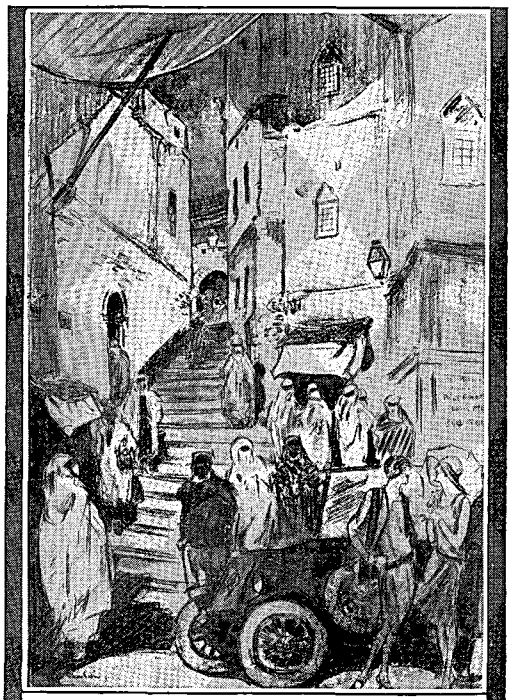
HONOLULU. December, Surfboard Polo Tournament; *7*, Football Match: Kamehameha School v. Pasadena Junior College; *14*, Football Match: University of Hawaii v. University of Santa Clara; *25*, Football Match: Washington State v. Hawaii Senior League Champions; *January 1*, Surfboard Races to decide the 1930 Champion; Football Match: Washington State v. University of Hawaii.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. January 24-February 2, Automobile Exhibition.
POSTERHOLT (near ROERMOND). January-December, 1930, Exhibition of Prehistoric Articles Excavated in the District.
SASSENHEIM. January 21-24, Poultry Exhibition.

ITALY

LORETO. December 10, Festival at Shrine of Santa Casa.
MILAN. January-May, Opera Season at the Scala Theatre; *4-6*, Clay Pigeon Shooting Match.
MONTEDORO (SICILY). December 13, Santa Lucia Procession.
NAPLES. January 1, Opera Season opens at the San Carlo Theatre.
PADUA. January 17, Festival of St. Anthony.
PERUGIA. January 23, Holy Ring Feast of the Virgin Mary.
ROME. December 21, Grand Ceremony in St. Peter's, for the End of the Priesthood Jubilee of the Pope; *26*, St. Stephen's Fête;



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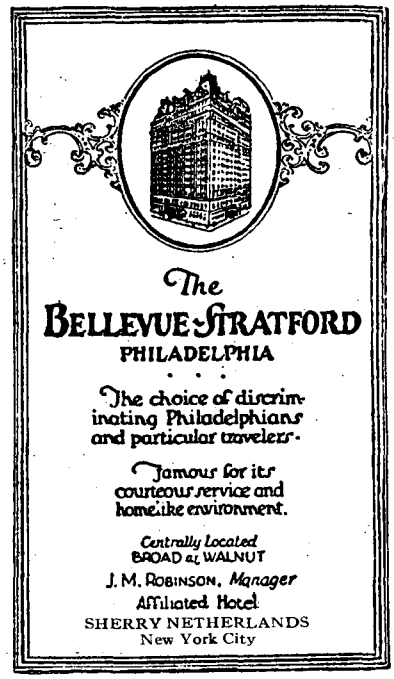

January-March, Art Lovers' Exhibition in Exhibition Palace; *January 6*, Fair in Piazza Navona; *19*, Trotting Races at Villa Glori Hippodrome; *22*, Anniversary of Funeral of Pope Benedict XV, Sistine Chapel; *25*, Chains of Saint Paul Exhibit at Saint Paul without the Walls.

Japan

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 14-28, Toshi-no-ichi, Year-End Fair; *25, Taisho Tennosai*, Anniversary of Death of the Late Emperor Taisho; *31, Omisoka*, Great Last Day of Year.

OMIYA. December 10-11, Great Annual Fair at the Hikawa-jinja Shrine.

TOKYO. December 14, Gishi-sai, Annual Commemoration of the Forty-Seven Ronin at the Sengakuji Temple, near Shinagawa.

Mexico

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 6, Three Kings' Day.

Norway

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.

Panama

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *25*, Christmas Day.

Paraguay

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

Peru

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

Poland

LWÓW. January 19, Ceremony of 'Blessing of the Ice.'

Portugal

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 31, Dedication Day of the Founders of the Republic.

Russia

KIEV. December-January, 1930, 8th Congress for the Study of Soils.

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SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December-January, 'Swinging Feast.'

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *January 23*, Fête of the King.
MADRID. January 17, St. Anthony's Parade.
SEVILLE. December 8, Baile de los Seises.
VALENCIA. December 26, Saint Stephen's Fête; *27*, Saint John the Baptist's Fête.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Boxing Day.
SALTSJÖBADEN. January 15-March 15, Ski Competitions.
STOCKHOLM. December 13, Feast of Saint Lucia, celebrated at Skansen, Stockholm, with Old Christmas Customs.
STORA VARTAN, DJURSHOLM (near STOCKHOLM). January 5, Ice Yachting.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. January 27, International Concert of New Music at the Conservatory.
BERN. January 7, Beethoven Concert.
CAUX. January 25, World Bobsleigh Championship.
CELERINA. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
CHAMPÉRY. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
DAVOS-PLATZ. January 4, 2nd Academic World Winter Games; *7-14*, International University Ski Match.
GENEVA. December 11, Escalade Thanksgiving Day.
LES AVANTS (near MONTREUX). January 19, Military Ski Competition.
LEUKERBAD. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
PONTRESINA. January 12, Ski Contest between Swiss and Foreign Skiers.
SAINTE-CROIX-LES-RASSES. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
SAINT MORITZ. January 17-21, Ski Races.

VENEZUELA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. December 8, Festival of the Immaculate Conception; *19*, National Holiday; *25*, Christmas Day.

Hang Your Wish on a Tropical Night ...Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruises include New Year's Eve in Havana . . .

The Old Year pelted out with tropical flowers . . . with Spanish Music . . . Parisian verve holding carnival on a lazy lilting tropic sea . . . A new way of wishing . . . a new way of feeling . . . Sidewalk cafés on the Prado . . . dropping into the Sevilla Biltmore . . . dancing and supping at the Marianao Playa . . . the dawn coming up in a singing burst of saffron . . . Isn't that a fair exchange for the same old whistles . . . the same old bells . . . the same old hanging out of the same old draughty window . . . ? Other and just as provocative cruises of 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days...all exemplifying the Cruise perfection identified with Cunard . . . luxury plus comfort in appointments and equipment...stewards who valet you . . . restaurants with the Cunard flair for epicurean surprises . . . Cheaper than staying at home.

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Dec. 26, 1929	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, 1929	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, 1930	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

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Correspondence

Now that our readers have had time to adjust themselves to the present LIVING AGE, it seems an appropriate moment to divulge a few representative comments that have come in to us as a result of our recent changes. These comments have been generally favorable, but we are presenting here not only the laudatory criticisms, which have outnumbered the others by more than twenty to one, but also a few less flattering observations. It is our hope that the presentation of these varied views may stimulate others to write in their opinions on any aspect of the magazine, for our columns are always open to anyone with something significant to say on any part of the wide field of interests which the LIVING AGE takes for its province.

To start things off pleasantly, here is a letter that just about sums up what most of our old subscribers seem to feel: —

2317 Commonwealth Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

TO THE EDITOR,—

As I was one of those who urged you to change THE LIVING AGE back to what it was, it would be ungracious of me not to express my satisfaction in the new-old or old-new character you have now given it. It is almost *too good to be true.* Keep it just this way. I hope you will be able to double and treble your subscription list.

Faithfully yours,
W. L. RICHARDSON.

So do we.

* * *

The September First LIVING AGE arrives in Australia:—

Melbourne,
Australia.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Copy Sept. 1 LIVING AGE received and read. Benjamin Grabowski's sketches are indeed worth while. Angell is always worth reading. Weisl's article also interesting. The rest does not appeal to me.

There are a few personalities and movements in the world interesting all intelligent people. The rest is meaningless because conventional and understood. Dewey, Dreiser, Lewis, and Mencken, they have temperament and genius. John Dewey is a colossus. Gertrude Stein and Joyce live fundamentally. What about the terrible revolution going on in the world? Tell us what the conventional papers suppress and leave out. I am too old to read standardized drivel. Your paper is for searching minds or those who appreciate art in writing. Religion has no interest. Nothing in politics has interest but revolution—not necessarily bloodshed. What path is the new spirit in man taking? Everything bearing upon that is eagerly sought for. England is engulfed in snobbery. Germany habit-ridden. America with her pragmatic philosophy and earnest psychology has a message for the world. A new mode of education is arriving. Russia does things. China does things. Italy does things. 'We understand as much as we do and no more.' I await a better copy of your magazine yet.

Yours truly,
JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

* * *

We now turn back to 1870:—

419 Crescent Avenue,
Buffalo, New York.

TO THE EDITOR,—

As a reader of LIVING AGE, I take pleasure in commending your decision to return to your former traditions and standards. As to the proposed colored frontispieces and the black and white illustration, they might well be eliminated as they are unessential. In fact, had you returned to the format and style of L. A. as Volume of 1870 lying before me, you would have made no mistake. However, the new issue is an improvement on the previous quarto size.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPH M. KERTZ.

* * *

Our only excuse for printing this piece of impertinence is that it comes from a California newspaper man:—

'Los Angeles Times,'
Los Angeles, California.

DEAR MR. LITTELL,—

I know you have been dead for many years, but I just want to tell your ghost that he can stop worrying and go on about his business. The old magazine is itself again—in fact better. How is everything up there anyhow?

Sincerely,
HARRY CARR.

* * *

Here is a gentleman from Oklahoma who finds THE LIVING AGE too conservative for his taste:—

Sinclair Pipe Line Company,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

TO THE EDITOR,—

I have one criticism. The old LIVING AGE, when it was under the control of the *Atlantic Monthly*, had a very liberal, not to say radical, viewpoint. Liberal to me—to some folks, radical. Those of our friends who read the LIVING AGE here agree with us that so far there seems to be a decidedly conservative bias. That, of course, may be accidental in these four issues. Certainly the clientele of the LIVING AGE is not conservative—they read too much, and however they may appear in public they are not, in their reading, so much interested in the conservative viewpoint—especially in other countries—as in the articles embodying the younger and more progressive(?) thought.

Very truly yours,
CLARENCE R. LONG.

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Nearly 4000 satisfied members in 1929
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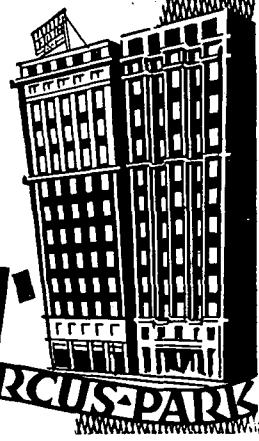
Excellent Food in the Famous Gothic Room.

HAROLD H. SAGE, *Mgr.*



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ROOMS *from* **$3.00**

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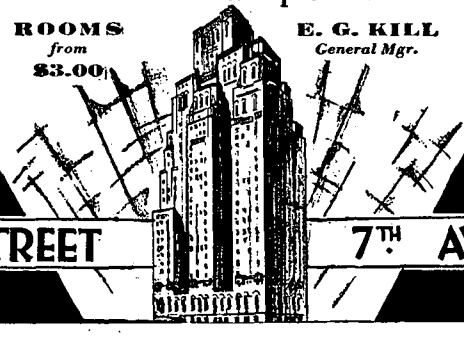

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Journalist; London.

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LAURENCE HILLS
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Statesman, publicist; Austin, Texas, and New York.

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Former Counsel N. Y. Transit Commission.

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Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, 1914–15, Counselor and Under-Secretary of State, 1915–19, head of the American Delegation to Peace Conference at Paris, 1919.

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Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Canada, Appellate Division.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
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Journalist, publisher; New York.

RALPH B. STRASSBURGER
Author, publisher, diplomat.

JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS
Merchant; New York.

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U. S. Alien Property Custodian, U. S. Senator from West Virginia, 1917–23.

C. HOWARD TATE
Art director and specialist in engraving; New York.

GEORGE THOMAS
President University of Utah, economist.

R. H. TITHERINGTON
Editor, author, trustee of the Frank A. Munsey Estate.

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President University of Utah.

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CHARLES S. WHITMAN
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RAY LYMAN WILBUR
United States Secretary of the Interior.

WILLIAM R. WILLCOX
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